A NEW

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS and SONGS.

Written by ſeveral Perſons.

Never Printed before.

Collected by JOHN BULTEEL.

8° S. 70 Art.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. C.* for *William Crook*, at the Green Dragon without Temple-Bar. 1674.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

A

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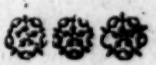

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Cotterel*, for *William Crooke*, at the *Green Dragon* without *Temple-bar*.

M, DC. LXXIV.

New Poems AND SONGS.

To his Dead Miſtriſs at her Tomb.

WIth bowed thoughts, low as this hollow Cell,
Where thy warm youth eternally muſt dwell:
With Eyes out-vying this curl'd Marbles ſweat,
(My treaſures proud uſurping Cabinet)
With the poor heart, which once thou gav'ſt relief,
And that poor heart fir'd with all zealous grief,
I come to parley with thy Sacred Clay,
And with thy Ghoſt hold mournful Holy-day:
To offer on this place where thou'rt inſhrin'd
This ſigh, more churliſh than the Southern wind,

Whose perfume shall mount heaven, and there controul
The swift departure of thy winged Soul.

Pale Maid, far whiter than the milky way
Which now thou tread'st; or if I all may say,
Fair as thou living wert; What erring hand
Hath carry'd thee into this silent Land?
Who cropt the Rose and Lilly from thy face,
To plant in this same dull and barren place,
Where nothing, like thy self, can ever rise,
Although I daily water't with mine Eyes?
Say, (thou who didst of late to me appear
Brighter than *Titan* in our Hemisphear)
What sullen change hath thus Eclipsed thee,
And cast this Earth betwixt thine Eyes and me?
Adulterous Feaver, worse than *Tarquins* brood,
Who mixt thy lustful heat with her warm blood?
Who sent, who fann'd the flames to such a height
Within her veins, as did burn out her light?
'Twas not thy work, great Love, thy active darts
Convey no burning Feavers to our hearts;

But move in blood-warm fires, whose livelihood
By calm degrees ripens the tender bud
Of pure affections. If the Rule be sure,
That Souls do follow bodies temprature,
Then by her purer Soul I may conclude
That not the least distemper durst intrude
Upon her body, no *Crisis* could be,
For that there was such perfect harmony
In her blest Fabrick, as if Nature had
Weigh'd out the sweet materials ere she clad
Her in her fleshly Robe. I oft have read
Gods have their heavenly Thrones abandoned,
And feign'd mortality, to compass so
Our brighter shining heavens here below,
Women. Sure it was so, some higher power
Looking from off his all-commanding Tower,
First on our constant Love, then on thy Face,
Grew proud to Rival me, envy'd my place,
Came cloathed all in flames, and Courted thee,
As erst the Thunderer did *Semele:*

Laying her fate on thee to dye i'th' place,
And be conſumed in the hot embrace:
Whil'ſt I that once enjoy'd a libertie
Kings could not claim to love and honour thee,
And knew my ſelf to be above the ſtrain
Of our beſt Monarchs to be lov'd again,
Now 'reft of all, can unto nought aſpire
But theſe ſad Reliques of my former fire:
Theſe aſhes in this leaden ſheet enroll'd
Cold as my bitter hopes, oh! bitter cold!
Pretty Corruption! that I ſighing cou'd
Breath life in thee, or weeping ſhowre warm blood
Into thy veins! for I do envy thee
Thy Crown of Bliſs, now thou art t'ane from me.
My griefs run high, and my diſtracted brain
Like the wing'd billows of the angry Main,
When it attempts to flie into the Air,
Falls into thouſand drops of moiſt deſpair.
'Tis true, thou living wert as gently calm
As Lovers whiſpers, or a Sea of balm:

Yet, when I think that all this now is duſt,
The fancy breaks upon me, like the guſt
Of a high-going Sea, whoſe fury threats
More than my reaſon well can brook, and beats
Her wounded Ribs; this muſt a Wrack portend,
Or ſure ſome proneneſs to a deſperate end!
It calls me Coward, and to that does add,
Falſe-hearted lover, that at leaſt ne'r had
Spark of a Turtles fire; whoſe patience
Can brook the World, now thou art t'ane from hence.
It wrongs my breaſt, gives my true heart the lye,
And ſayes I never lov'd, I dare not dye.
And yet I dare! – I dare an inroad make
Upon the tedious breath which now I take:
I could out-work Times Sickle; I could mow
My blooming youth down even at one blow;
Which he hath labour'd at, but yet not done
So many births of the renewing Sun.
I have keen ſteel, and a reſolved Arm
Back'd by deſpair, and grief to any harm.

But ſhould I ſtrike, Dear, thou wouldſt vail thy Face
With thy white Robe, and bluſh me to a place
VVhere nought was ever heard but ſhreeks and howls
Of the condemned, and tormented Souls.
No, when my eyes glance here, and view how ſtill
This ſprightly Peer now lies, the ſight does chill
My deſperate fury, and a Chriſtian fear
Commands me quench this wild-fire with a tear,
This very touch of thy cold hand does ſwage
My hot deſign and irreligious rage.
But, 'tis not manners thus to keep thee from
The ſilent quiet of *Elizium*.
I will but add a word or two, and then
Caſt thee into thy long dead-ſleep agen.
Your favour, holy linnen, happy Shrowd,
(For I muſt draw away this ſnowy cloud
From off her whiter face) and witneſs now
Ye Gods, unto an Orphan Lovers vow.
By theſe blind *Cupids*, theſe two Springs of light
Now hood-wink't in the endleſs maſque of night:

By this well-ſhapen promont, whoſe ſmooth end
Like to a mount of Ivory doth bend
Toward this Red-ſea, upon whoſe Corral-ſhore
I had rich Traffick once, but never more
Muſt deal in: By thy ſelf, and if there were
A better thing for me, by that I'd ſwear,
That thou ſhalt not, (like others,) lie and rot
With thy fair name, fair as thy ſelf, forgot;
But thy Idea ſhall inform my brains
Like the Intelligence that holds the reins
Of both the Orbs; I will not know the day,
But as it hath a luſtre like the ray
Of thy bright Eye; and when the Night is come,
'Tis like the quiet of thy ſilent Tomb.
Laſt, I will only live to grief, and be
Thy Epitaph unto Poſteritie;
That whoſo ſees me, reads, *Yonder ſhe lies,*
For whom this widdow'd Lover ever dies.
And witneſs Heav'n, now I this Oath have took,
I kiſs, and ſhut, the Alabaſter-Book.

To

To the former loving Mourner.

THou doſt invite me by thy ſolemn Knell
Of Love and Sorrow, to Ring out my Bell,
Which is ſo out of Tune this doleful way,
Hang me i'th' Rope, if I know what to ſay.
Could want of knowledge, in a various ſence
On my part, wait on her departure hence,
Or guſh a Torrent full of grief, like thine,
No Muſe might urge a juſter plea than mine.
For, ſhe's abſtracted ignorance, poor thing!
Both what ſhe ſhould, and how ſhe ought to ſing:
Nor is ſhe one of that th'row pacing-Tribe,
As will be ſpurr'd to ſob, or howl for Bribe,
Or Cuſtom, like the *Iriſh* at a Grave,
Or peeviſh Wives, if curb'd of what they crave:
My eyes, too coſtive to bedew a Herſe,
Wring out their tears, as hard as they do Verſe;

And

And this is it, that makes me ſeem ſo fine,
And ſo abſtemious of the Sad-Grave's Wine.
Beſides this Sacred Text, thou doſt retrieve,
And handles, Dead ſo well, how ere alive,
That by the Dirge thou ſing'ſt, And that kind vow
Thou mak'ſt t' Eternize her, we muſt allow
Her Excellence ſuch a ſublime degree,
As her offended Eye diſpleas'd would be.
To read anothers Line, beſides thine own
Unto her memory, or on the Stone.
And what am I, alas! that I ſhould dare
To write, where equal ſuch perfections are?
No, no, I know my verge, I ken how far
Rules the poor feeble influence of my Star.
Which, like ſome Meteor, might a while reſent
Th: common-gazer, but is now quite ſpent.
Some honeſt Countrey-Girl, perhaps whoſe face
Chooſes the next clear Current for her Glaſs,
And ſimp'ring dyes a Maid, or very ne're,
(As in an Age ſome Miracles appear:)

Or ſome Retailers iſſue of the Town,
VVho ſinks for envy at the next new Gown
She ſees, and cannot reach; may me prefer
To be her ſad Fates doubty Chronicler,
Or ſo; theſe dead aſleep, may keep awake
My Muſe, or elſe the wanton does partake
Much of our Peaſants humour here, who ſay
VVhen bid to work it's ſome ſtrange Holy-day.
Yet, I am none of that ungracious Herd,
That at anothers loſs, ſit down unſtir'd,
Or elſe all-arm'd with ſuch glad ſcorn, can be
Drunk with the tears of others miſerie;
VVhen at ſome petty loſs themſelves ſuſtain,
You'd think the Deluge were on float again.
A loving ſympathy within me dwells,
And, like thy Miſtriſs, though thy grief excells
All tribute elſe, which all thy Friends can pay,
My little Rivulet attends thy Sea:
Though like ſmall Brooks, much ſhallow noiſe it keep,
VVhen Rivers are moſt ſilent, are moſt deep.

VVho would not hazard Credit, Life and all,
To ſecond ſuch a Loyal Principal,
As here thou prov'ſt, ſince a ſmall time diſcovers
How full of Changes are the moſt of Lovers?
VVhil'ſt thine eternal Love goes on, and ends
Not with her end, but time's laſt wings aſcends!
How will the Beauties, that of this ſhall hear,
Trick up themſelves, and ſtrive to be thy dear?
And ſuch as dealt in Rivalſhip, before,
VVill ſeem, at leaſt, this paſſage to deplore!
To loſe a Miſtriſs in her prime, and one
So qualify'd as thine! 'twould force a groan
From the rough quarry of rebellious hearts,
And his, with pity that as ſeldom parts,
As with the rights of others, though he tread
Strange paths; if once poſſeſſion he can plead.
But, oh the grief! to ſee a Virgin laid
Like wax diſſolv'd, yet no impreſſion made!
Her flowry bloſſom, ſuch a Froſt to meet,
And for a Bridal, find a Winding-ſheet!

Can youth, and beauty, no exemption have,
Ye deſtinies, from an untimely Grave?
Take old ones, let them march, what make they here?
But to raiſe Taxes, and make Victuals dear:
To ſcold at all, but what themſelves have ſeen
In ſuch a year of *James*, Or th' Maiden Queen;
Find fault with Patches, and Black-bags in ſcorn,
And cry, 'Twas a good time when Ruffs were worn,
And Plackets ſlit before, not this new way,
As if they fancy'd *Italy*'s foul Play.
Away, with theſe, for Pity ſpare the reſt;
Theſe are, as good for Worms-meat, as the beſt.
A real Sadneſs, I do now put on,
When I but think on thee, and who is gone.
For thou haſt thrown thy ſelf before her Tomb
So moiſt a Sacrifice, and art become
Such a ſurviving Monument as we
Find fewer ſighs to ſpend on Her, than Thee.

SONG

SONG.

I.

I Grant your Eyes are much more bright
Than ever was unclouded light:
And that love in your charming voyce
As much of Reaſon finds for choice.
Yet if you hate when I adore,
To do the like I find much more.

II.

A voyce would move all but a ſtone,
Without kind love ſhall find me one:
And Eyes the brighteſt ever ſhin'd
On me have pow'r, but as their kind:
You muſt to throw down all defence,
As much my Reaſon pleaſe as Senſe.

III.

I clearly know, say what you will,
To read my heart you want the skill:
And of this 'tis a pregnant signe,
Since you see not these truths of mine;
Which if you did, you would despair
Without your Love to form one there.

SONG.

I.

CLoris, 'twill be for either's rest,
Truly to know each others breast:
I'll make th' obscurest part of mine
Transparent as I would have thine.
If you will deal but so with me,
We soon shall part, or soon agree.

II.

Know then, though you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are;
And though the Graces of your Minde
With a reſembling luſtre ſhin'd:
Yet if you love me not, you'll ſee
I'll value thoſe as you do me.

III.

Though I a thouſand times had ſworn
My paſſion ſhould tranſcend your ſcorn,
And that your bright triumphant eyes
Create a Flame that never dies;
Yet if to me you prov'd untrue,
Thoſe Oathes ſhould turn as falſe to you.

IV.

If I vow'd to pay Love for Hate,
'Twas, I confeſs, a meer deceit;
Or that my Flame ſhould deathleſs prove,
'Twas but to render ſo your Love:
I brag'd as Cowards uſe to do
Of dangers they'll ne'r run into.

V.

And now my Tenents I have ſhow'd,
If thou think them too great a Load;
T'attempt your change, were but in vain,
The Conqueſt not being worth the pain.
With them I'll other Nymphs ſubdue;
'Tis too much to loſe time, and you.

SONG.

I.

I Grant, a thouſand oathes I ſwore
I none would love but you:
But not to change would wrong me more
Than breaking them can do.
Yet you thereby a truth will learn,
Of much more worth than I;
Which is, That Lovers which do ſwear,
Do alſo uſe to lie.

II.

Cloris does now poſſeſs that heart
Which to you did belong:
But, though thereof ſhe brags a while,
She ſhall not do ſo long.
She thinks by being fair and kinde,
To hinder my remove,
And ne'r ſo much as dreams that Change
Above both thoſe, I love.

III.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
My change is a diſgrace:
For though it robs you of one Slave,
It leaves anothers place:
Which your bright eyes will ſoon ſubdue
With him does them firſt ſee:
For if they could not conquer more,
They ne'r had conquer'd me.

Againſt
CHASTITY.

COld Chaſtneſs, ſhould I praiſe thee, when thou ar
Natures great'ſt errour, and canſt claim no par
In her intentions, which doth ſtill produce
Creatures for propagation, and for uſe?
All other Prodigies which here are ſeen,
Partake ſome eſſence which is rang'd between
Two divers kindes, or joyn two kindes in one:
But this is ſuch a Monſter as hath none.
Nor doth this Rule deceive us, or miſlead,
Apply'd to Mindes, although ſome intercede
'Twixt two Opinions, others them confound
To ſome new Paradox: yet none is found
So groſly ſtupid, wholly to exclude
All ſort of ſenſe. Do then no more delude

With vain appearances, when thou within
Art rebel unto Nature, and doſt ſin
Againſt thy own Creation, and contend,
All that thou canſt, the World by thee ſhould end.
So that in vain Heavens light ſhould ſhine or heat;
In vain the Horſe ſhould neigh, the Ram ſhould bleat;
In vain the Stag ſhould bray, the Bird ſhould ſing;
In vain the Graſs ſhould grow, the Herb ſhould ſpring,
When their kindes grew unnatural and wild,
And Procreation were from Earth exil'd.

I damn not yet, a Chaſtneſs which doth riſe
From ſuch a conſtant Love as makes one prize
Some perſons more than others: theſe effects
Are Loves prerogatives, which ſo connects
Two hearts, as they appropriate a right
Elſe common unto all: let ſuch delight
In one another ſtill; onely that heart
Which cannot finde a reaſon to impart
It ſelf to any, doth to me appear
So much enormous, I may juſtly fear

To be a greater Criminal than thoſe
Who rob and kill: for though by them men loſe;
Their lives remainder, what they had, or did,
Yet ſtill is theirs: But Chaſtneſs doth forbid
All life at once. Beſides, Thieves often win
By acting miſchief: But this Monſter-ſin
Getting nought, but a falſe pretext to ſtrike
Even at Lifes root, cauſleſs ſupplants alike
Both good and bad. Again, the Murtherer can
Repair his loſs, and get another man:
But Chaſtneſs labours even to hide the Mould
In which he ſhould be fram'd, and gladly would
(Th'rough a ſubverting of all humane ſtate)
At once leave Earth and Heaven deſolate.

Now, if this be the moſt deſtructive ill
In either Sex, ſince they are thought to kill
Who may and will not ſave; 'tis greateſt ſure
In thoſe are fair: we eaſier can endure
This fault in any elſe, and better taſte
The Foul and Wanton, than the Fair and Chaſte.

For

For who thinks Rich and Miſerable ſute?
Who cares for Orators when they are mute?
What doth avail a Balm which none applies?
And who eſteems a Beauty that denies?
Let Chaſtneſs, then, in the unſound and old,
The Pregnant, Marry'd, Vow'd, ill-favour'd Scold,
Not be diſlik'd: But, in the fair and free,
Let it be thought the greateſt Crime can be;
Since being 'gainſt Natures chief end oppos'd,
It ſeems, in it, all other Vice is clos'd.

SONG.

I.

CLoris, if I forſake you now,
And to ſome meaner Empire bow;
Think not your Beauty I deſpiſe,
Or ſlight the ſplendour of your Eyes:
All the exceptions I can finde
Is, That you are more fair than kinde.

II.

What though your Beauty do tranſcend,
All Love-ſick Poets ſo commend?
Yet foul and willing have more taſte
Than very fair, and over-chaſte.
And who'd not ſtoop to common fare,
Rather than feed too long on Air?

III.

Should I in vain ſtill thus purſue,
'Twere onely to loſe time and you:
And a ſmall fort I'd rather get,
Than onely to beſiege a great:
Long time too much of youth would waſte;
How ſhould I man it well at laſt?

IV.

Beauty does joy to th'eye diſpenſe,
But Kindneſs raviſhes each Senſe:
'Tis dull to have one ſenſe invited
Alone, where all ſhould be delighted.
Enjoyment feaſteth every one:
I muſt, I muſt feed all, or none.

The
IMPERFECT ENJOYMENT.

FRuition was the Queſtion in debate,
Which like ſo hot a Caſuiſt I did ſtate,
That ſhe with freedom urg'd as my offence,
To teach my Reaſon to ſubdue my Senſe.
But yet this angry Cloud which did proclaim
Vollies of Thunder, melted into Rain;
And this adulterate Stamp of ſeeming nice,
Made feigned Vertue but a Bawd to Vice.
For by a Complement that's ſeldome known,
She thruſts me out, and yet invites me home:
And thoſe delays do but advance delight,
As Prohibition ſharpens Appetite.
For the kinde Curtain raiſed my eſteem
To wonder at the opening of the Scene,

When

When of her breſts her hands the Guardians were,
Yet I ſalute each ſullen Officer,
Though like the flaming Sword before mine eyes,
They block the paſſage to my Paradiſe.
Nor could thoſe Tyrant-hands ſo guard the Coyn,
But Love, where't cannot purchaſe, may purloyn.
For though her breſts be hid, her lips are prize,
To make me rich beyond my avarice;
Yet my ambition my affection fed
To conquer both the White Roſe and the Red.
Th'event prov'd true: for on the Bed ſhe ſate,
And ſeem'd to covet, what ſhe ſeem'd to hate:
Heat of reſiſtance hath increas'd her fire,
And weak defence is turn'd to ſtrong deſire.
What unkinde influence could interpoſe,
When two ſuch Stars did in Conjunction cloſe?
Onely too haſtie zeal my hopes did foil;
Preſſing to feed her Lamp, I ſpilt my Oil:
And, that (which moſt reproach upon me hurl'd)
Was dead to her, gives life to all the world:

Natures chief Prop, and Motions primeſt Source,
In me both loſt their figure, and their force.
Sad Conqueſt! when it is the Victors fate
To die at th'entrance of the opening gate!
Like prudent Corporations, had we laid
A Common Stock by, we'd improv'd our Trade:
But as a Prodigal Heir, I ſpent by th' by,
What home directed wou'd ſerve her and I.
When next on ſuch aſſaults I chance to be,
Give me leſs vigour, more activitie:
For Love turns impotent when ſtrain'd too high;
His very Cordials make him ſooner die:
Evaporates in Fume the fire too great:
Loves Chymiſtry thrives beſt in equal heat.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

REproach me not, though heretofore
I onely Freedom did adore;
And brag that none, though kinde as fair,
The loſs of it could half repair:
Since now I willingly do yield
To *Cloris* beauty all the field.

II.

With greater joys I do reſigne
My freedom, than thou ere keptſt thine;
And am reſolv'd conſtant to prove,
Should her neglect tranſcend my love.
Strange Charms they are that make me burn,
Without the hopes of a return.

III.

To ſee, and not to be in love,
A wonder like her ſelf would prove;

Whoſe

Whoſe Charms by Nature and by Art
Do each of them deſerve a heart.
For which my ſorrows are but ſmall,
I have but one to pay them all.

IV.

I muſt confeſs, a while I ſtrove
With Reaſon to reſiſt my Love.
The Saints ſometimes 'gainſt death do pray,
Though 't be to Heav'n their onely way.
'Tis onely *Cloris* hath the skill
To make me bleſt againſt my will.

V.

Nor will I ſo much as endure
To think Inconſtancie a Cure:
For were I to that ſin ſo bent,
It ſure would prove my Puniſhment.
For to adore, I muſt confeſs,
Is better than elſewhere ſucceſs.

The

The VOYAGE.

I.

AS one that's from a tedious Voyage come,
And safe th'rough thousand storms arrivd at (home
Resolves to put to Sea no more,
Or boldly tempt the flatt'ring Main,
How smoothe soere it lie, or plain;
But having drawn his broken Hull on shore,
To some kinde Saint hangs up his consecrated Oar:
I, who a greater Sea had past,
The Ocean of rough Poesie,
Where there so many shipwrackt be,
Or on the Rocks, or on the Quicksands cast;
Recounting what my self had seen,
And in how many deaths I had been,
Where scarce an empty wish or hope could come be- (tween
Wit

With almoſt as confirm'd a Vow,
Reſolv'd no leſs to conſecrate
Some Votive Table, which might ſhow
The Labours I did undergo;
And at a far more eaſie rate,
Give others the delight to view on Land my dangerous
(Fate.

II.

Already was the ſacred Plank deſign'd,
And in it how I firſt aſſay'd the Deep,
When thinking onely neer the Shores to keep,
There roſe a ſudden and tempeſtuous winde,
Which made me leave the unſaluted Land behinde.
The Sea before was calm, and ſtill,
And gentle Airs did with my Streamers play,
Scarce ſtrong enough my half-ſtruck Sail to fill,
And th'rough the yeelding Chriſtal force my way.
Cloſe by did many a Veſſel ride,
Whoſe Pilots all with Bays were gayly crown'd,
And to the murmurs of the Tyde,

Voyces

Voices and Mirth were heard around,
My ſelf made there *Anacreons* Lute reſound; *Turn'd A-*
Which ſprightly ſeem'd,& wondrous brave, *nacreon in-*
And its old killing Notes to have; *to Engliſh*
But from the waters more than thoſe rough touches (which I gave
'Twould ſtill of nothing ſound but Love,
Though I the various Stops did often prove:
Wherefore new Loves I did begin, *Made ſeve-*
And intermixt (as parts) my own; *Love-verſes*
Which took freſh vigour from the String, *Cletia & al.*
And o'er the dancing Flouds were quickly blown.
I *Venus* ſang, and ſtolen joys, *Tranſla-*
And of his Flames who ſcap'd at *Troys*. *4 Book*
And as the Thracian *Orpheus* by his skill
To ranſome his *Euridice* is ſed, *Claudi-*
And from the Shades brought back the dead; *Rapt.*
My Song a greater Miracle did tell,
And thither chain'd in Verſe alive *Proſerpina* did le

III.

Such was my Song: but when the Storm aroſe,
Voyces and mirth were heard no more,
But every man fell ſtoutly to his Oar,
And to the flouds did all their ſtrength oppoſe,
Hoping to reach ſome Harbour, but in vain;
They were with greater fury hurry'd back into the (Main.
Then might one hear in ſtead of theſe,
The dying ſhreeks of ſuch as ſhipwrackt were;
And thoſe proud Galleys, which before at eaſe
Plow'd up the Deep, no longer did appear;
But to the waves became a Prey:
Some downright ſank, ſome broken lay,
And by the billows were in triumph born away.
My Keel ſo many Leaks did ſpring,
That all the Hold with water was flow'd o'er;
And a Sea no leſs dangerous rag'd within,
Than that which ſtrove abroad the tempeſt to outroar.

Having had ſo many Croſſes, or, which is truer, ſeeing the little profit, I reſolved to make no more Verſe, except the argument were Divine or Moral; and ſo reſumed my old deſigne of Paraphraſing the Pſalms: Which I began anew, Jan. 31. 1662. and finiſht the 3 of June 1665.

So over-board my lading ſtraight I caſt,
With ſome faint hopes my Barque to ſave;
But on the wind away they quickly paſt,
And my beſt ſafety was no hope to have.
Yet by me ſtill the great *Jeſſean* Lyre I kept,
Which from my Couch I down did take,
Where it neglected long enough had ſlept,
And all its numerous Chords I did awake;
Thinking, ſince I the waves muſt try,
Them and the Sea-gods with a Song to pacifie.

IV.

I play'd, and boldly then plung'd down,
Holding my Harp ſtill in my hand,
My dear Companion through thoſe paths unknow
But hopeleſs with it ere to reach the Land,
When lo, the chaſte *Iarma*, with a throng
Of Nymphs and Tritons waited on,
As ſhe by chance there paſs'd along,
Drave up her Chariot by my ſide,
And in requital for my humble Song,

Invited me with her to ride,
And fearleſs of the way, with them my courſe to guide.
And down ſhe reach'd her Snowie hand,
And from the flouds me gently rais'd,
Whilſt all the Sea-gods on me gaz'd,
And waited, ere they further went, ſome new Command.
Which ſtraight ſhe gave, and at her word the winde
Backward did ſcowre: before, as ſmoothe and plain
The Ocean lay; ſtorms onely rag'd behinde:
So to my Harp I turn'd again,
And all its ſilent fetters did unbinde.
No longer was I of the Deep afraid,
But bolder grown, more Anthems plaid,
And on them put my Chains, who theirs upon the waves had laid:
Till having many a Country paſt,
And coaſting the whole earth around,
The Northweſt paſſage navigable found,
I on my native ſhore was caſt,
And ſafely toucht the *Britiſh* Iſle at laſt.

V.

This Table as in Colours 'twas expreſt,
And which *Beliſa*'s curious Pencil wrought, Mris Mary Beal,
With Ivie Garlands and with Bays I dreſt,
And to my Muſes ſacred Temple brought;
Hoping it would accepted be,
And ſurely gain my liberty
From future ſervice, and declare me free.
But as I waiting in the Court did ſtand,
Into a ſudden extaſie I fell;
And led by an Immortal hand,
Which entrance for me did command,
Approacht the Fanes moſt private Cell
By none ere ſeen before, where awful dread and reverence dwell
'Twas not like thoſe ſtrait lodges here,
Which by that name we call,
But a magnificent and ſpacious Hall,
The Roof with Paintings garniſht all;
And where in Neeches on the wall,

Ther

There did the lively forms appear
Of ſuch who for their Verſe the Laurel Sert did wear.
Greece and old *Rome* poſſeſt the chiefeſt place,
And all the upper end their quarter was:
The ſides were into ſeveral Coaſts deſign'd,
And by their Countries you each name might finde;
Th' *Italian*, *French*, or *Spaniſh* Band,
As they around did with their Titles ſtand:
Britain as fair a ſpace as any had;
And no leſs honors were to her, than *Rome* or *Athens* (paid.

VI.

Thither I turn'd my eye, and in the throng
Of Crowned heads tranſlated there,
Whoſe very Names to count would be too long,
The bright *Orinda* did appear; *Mris* Kath. Philips *died* June 64.
And though come thither laſt of all,
Made the moſt beauteous Figure on the ſacred wall.
Aſide her ſeveral Neeches were prepar'd
For thoſe who ſhall hereafter come,
And with her there obtain a room,

As with her in the Muſes ſervice they had ſhar'd.
Already were ſome names enrol'd,
And in fair characters inchas'd;
But who they were, muſt ne'r be told,
Till they the fatal ſtream have paſt,
And after death have here their living Statues plac't.
My Muſe alone theſe Worthies could outſhine,
As ſhe approacht me there in ſhape divine:
Her golden hair was all unbound
With careleſs art, and wantonly did play,
Mov'd by her ſtrings Melodious ſound,
As on her ſhoulders the looſe treſſes lay.
A wondrous Mantle o'er her back was thrown,
And her gay myſtick Veſt below
In Royal ſtate trayl'd all adown;
A Lute was in her hand, and on her head a Crown.

VII.

Amaz'd, I at her feet did fall,
And proſtrate lay, till up ſhe bid me ſtand,

Say-

Saying, For this I thee did never call,
But boldly to receive my great Command.
Ariſe, for lo, a better fate
Does on thy tuneful Numbers wait,
Than what thou in the Deep haſt try'd of late.
Not but that all thy labours there,
To thine own wiſh ſhall amply be repaid.
For I by whom enroll'd they are,
Second to none but Heav'n in that great care
Which of thy Verſe and thee I always had,
Will look ſuch large allowance for them ſhall be made,
That all the damage which thou didſt ſuſtain,
Shall not compare with thy immortal gain.

VIII.

Witneſs thy Votive Table, which I here accept
Within my Archives a fair room to have,
(Worthy for th' hand that did it to be kept)
And thy mean Name from dark oblivion ſave,
Till to another Temple, that's above,
Reſerv'd for thoſe, who ſacred Numbers prove,

And there at laſt conclude their love.
Thy ſouls bright Image I hereafter ſhall remove,
Where ſeveral whom thou here doſt know
(Ambitious at their very Shrines to bow)
Leaving their wanton Lays behinde,
Like thee, and from all baſe Alloy refin'd,
More to reſemble the Eternal minde;
With ſeveral who were never here,
So God-like all their Meaſures were,
(As *Jeſſe*'s ſon, whoſe Harp thou erſt didſt bear)
In glory with the firſt great Maker ſhine,
And have for Mortal Bays, a Ray Divine.

IX.

But firſt, my *Silvius*, thou again to Sea muſt go,
And many Towns, and Men, and Countries know,
In the New-world of Chriſtian Poeſie,
Part of which long ſince was deſign'd to be
The happie fruits of thy diſcovery;
Where none of all thy Nation has been yet,
The way ſo dangerous, and the task ſo great.

To write of the Creation never attempted by any Engliſhman except in Verſion.

Nor doubt but it ſhall recompence thy coſt;
And were it more, that age, they cry, th'aſt loſt,
When to ſerve me, thou didſt the Bar forſake, *The ſtudy of the Law.*
And for th' Long Robe, the Ivie Garland take,
As that which would thy Name immortal make.
For I have Honours to beſtow,
And Regal Treaſures, though I rarely ſhow
The happie Country where they grow.
And though ſome wretch the Plague endure
Of miſerable Poverty,
The fault's his own, and not in me;
Not that he is my Votary,
But under that diſguiſe an Enemy:
Not I, but they alone who count me ſo, are poor.

X.

Try me, this once, and once more tempt the Main;
Thou ſhalt not unattended go;
For when thou next putſt out to Sea again,
I'll be thy Pilot, and the paſſage ſhow.

Nay,

Nay wonder not, for 'tis no more
Than what I ſeveral times have done before,
When I my *Taſſo* through thoſe Straights did guide,
And made my *Bartas* o'er the Surges ride;
Thoſe mighty Admirals which did extend
Their Country-bounds beyond the worlds wide end:
'Twas I conducted them thoſe Lands to finde,
Where each did plant their Nations Colonies;
Both ſpreading leſs their Sayls than Victories.
And there are yet more Lands for thee behinde;
And all the way, like them, thou ſhalt rehearſe
The Birth of things, how they from nothing roſe,
By that Almighty-Word which ſhall inſpire thy Verſe,
And help thee all its Wonders to diſcloſe.
No Storm upon thy Maſt ſhall reſt,
Or any Gales but Vernal blow;
The Sea it ſelf, to my great ſervice preſt,
In plains of liquid Glaſs ſhall lie below,
And its obedience to my Rule in dancing billows (onely ſhow.
And when thou home return'd ſhalt be,

And

And of thy native earth once more take hold,
My ſelf thy Barque will conſecrated ſee;
And for this new World thus found out by thee,
Make it an heav'nly Signe, neer that which ſav'd the (old.

S.

SONG.

I.

BLinde Boy, farewel; I laugh at now
That pow'r to which I once did bow:
For Reaſon hath the Throne regain'd,
Where Paſſion that Uſurper raign'd.
An Idol th'art, and ſo men uſe thee;
Fools do adore, the Wiſe abuſe thee.
Beauty alone, which conquers many,
On me hath little pow'r, if any.
My fault would be great as thy Blindneſs,
Should I love Beauty without Kindneſs.

II. Ty-

II.

Tyrant, who never yet wert known
To torture any but thy own;
To resist thee needs little skill:
For he hath pow'r, that hath but will.
He that hath been mad, or a Lover,
Believes neither, if he recover:
Whilst we our selves are, we defie thee;
None which are so, are conquer'd by thee:
Thy art is all in taking season,
When we believe Sense, more than Reason.

Loves

Loves Contentment.

I.

COme, my *Olympia*, we'll conſume
Our Joys no more at this low rate;
More glorious Titles let's aſſume,
And love according to our ſtate.

II.

For if Contentment be a Crown
Which never Tyrant could aſſail;
How many Monarchs put me down
In their *Utopian* Commonweal?

III.

As Princes rain down golden ſhowres
On thoſe in whom they take delight;
So in this happier ſtate of ours,
Each is the others Favourite.

IV.

Our privacie no eye dwells neer,
But unſuſpected we'll embrace;
And no ſlick Courtiers Pen is there,
To ſet down either time or place.

V.

We'll fear no Enemies invaſion,
But being wiſe and politique,
With timely force, if not perſwaſion,
We'll cool the home-bred Schiſmatique.

VI.

No jealous fears ſhall thwart our bliſs,
Unleſs a golden dream awake us:
For Care, we'll not know what it is,
Unleſs to pleaſe doth careful make us.

VII.

All diſcontent thus to remove,
What Monarch boaſts, but thou and I?
In this content we'll live and love,
And in this love reſolve to die.

To

A Coy LADY.

WHy ſo Fair, and yet ſo Cruel?
What is Beauty, but Loves fuel?
What's, without a Stone, a Jewel?
Sure that Faulcon needs muſt Mew ill,
That not open keeps her Tuil.
Do not think that I purſue ill,
Or, in ſaying ſo, think you ill.
Why ſo fair, and yet ſo Cruel?

SONG.

SONG.

I.

CLoris, believe this truth, you cannot move me,
Though I deny not you are charming fair:
No, you muſt love me,
Or you muſt deſpair
A heart under your Empire for to bring,
Where Reaſon's King.

II.

And yet I do confeſs that never any
Was in your flames ſo apt to burn as I;
That you have many
Charms can make me die:
But all thoſe loſe their power, until I ſee
You burn with me.

The Review.

To his worthy Friend

Dr. *WILL. SANDCROFT,*

Dean of St. *Pauls.*

WHen firſt I ſtept into th'alluring Maze,
To tread this Worlds myſterious waies,
Alas! I had no guide nor clue;
No *Ariadne* lent her hand;
Not one of Virtues Guards did bid me ſtand,
Or askt me, what I meant to do?
Or, whither I would go?
The Labyrinth ſo pleaſant did appear,
I loſt my ſelf with much content,
Infinite hazards underwent;
Outſtragled *Homer*'s crafty Wanderer,
And ten years more than he in fruitleſs travel ſpent:

The one half of my life is gon,
The ſhadow the Meridian paſt ;
Death's diſmal evening drawing on,
Which will with miſts and damps be overcaſt :
An evening which will ſurely come :
'Tis time, high time to give my ſelf the welcom hom

II.

Had I but heartily believ'd
All that the Royal Preacher ſaid was true,
When firſt I entred on the Stage,
And Vanity ſo hotly did purſue ;
Convinc'd by his experience, not my age,
I had my ſelf long ſince retriev'd :
I ſhould have let the Curtain down
Before the Fools part had begun.
But I, throughout the tedious Play have bin
Concern'd in every Scene :
Too too inquiſitive, I try'd
Now this, anon another face,

And then a third more odde took place;
Was every thing, but what I was.
This was my *Protean* Folly, this my pride,
Befool'd through all the Tragi-Comedy,
Where others meet with hiſſing, to expect a *Plaudite*.

III.

I had a minde the Paſtoral to prove,
Searching for happineſs in Love;
And finding *Venus* painted with a Dove,
A little naked Boy hard by;
The Dove which has no gall,
The Boy no dangerous Arms at all:
They do thee, great Love, ſaid I,
Much wrong. Great Love ſcarce had I ſpoke,
Ere into my unwary boſome came
An unextinguiſhable flame;
From my *Amyra*'s eyes the Lightning came,
Which left me more than Thunder-ſtruck;
She carries Tempeſt in that lovely name.

Loves mighty and tumultuous pain,
Diſorders Nature like a Hurricane:
Yet could not believe ſuch ſtorms could be
When I launcht forth to Sea;
Promis'd my ſelf a calm and eaſie way,
Though I had ſeen before
Pitious ruines on the ſhore;
And on the naked Beach *Leander* ſhipwrackt lay.

IV.

To extricate my ſelf from love,
Which I could ill obey, but worſe command,
I took my Pencils in my hand;
With that Artillery for Conqueſt ſtrove:
Like wiſe *Pigmaleon* then did I
My ſelf deſigne my Deity;
Made my own Saint, made my own Shrine;
If ſhe did frown, one daſh would make her ſ
All bickerings one eaſie ſtroke would reconcile:
Plato feign'd no Idea ſo divine.

Thus did I quiet many froward day,
While in my eyes my ſoul did play:
Thus did the time, and thus my ſelf beguile;
Till on a time, and then I knew not why,
A tear faln from my eye
Waſht out my Saint, my Shrine, my Deity.
Prophetick chance! the lines are gone,
And now I mourn o're what I doted on:
I find even *Giota*'s Circle has not all perfection.

V.

To Poetry I then enclin'd,
Verſe that emancipates the mind,
Verſe that unbinds the Soul,
That amulet of ſickly fame;
Verſe that articulates Name;
Verſe for both fortunes, apt to ſmile and to condole.
Ere I had long the trial made,
A ſerious thought made me afraid;
For I had heard *Parnaſſus* ſacred Hill

Was ſo prodigiouſly high,
Its barren top ſo neer the skie;
The *Æther* there
So very pure, ſo ſubtil, and ſo rare,
'Twould a Cameleon kill,
The Beaſt that is all lungs, and feeds on air.
Poets the higher up the hill they go,
Like Pilgrims ſhare the leſs of what's below.
Hence 'tis they go repining on,
And murmur more than their own *Helicon*.
I heard them curſe their Stars in ponderous Rhims,
And in grave Numbers grumble at the Times:
Yet where th' Illuſtrious *Cowly* led the way,
I thought it great diſcretion there to go aſtray.

VI.

From Liberal Arts to the litigious Law,
Obedience, not Ambition did me draw:
I lookt at awful Coyf and Scarlet-Gown
Through others Opticks, not my own.

Unty

Unty the *Gordian*-knot who will,
I found no Rhetorique at all
In them that learnedly could brawl,
And fill with Mercenary breath the ſpacious Hall.
Let me be peaceable, let me be ſtill:
The ſolitary *Thisbite* heard the wind
With ſtrength and violence combin'd,
That rent the Mountains, and did make
The ſolid earths foundation ſhake:
He ſaw the dreadful fire, and heard the horrid noiſe,
But found whom he expected in the ſmall ſtill voice.

VII.

Nor here did my unbridled Fancie reſt,
But muſt try
A pitch more high,
To read the Starry language of the Eaſt,
And with *Chaldean* Curioſity
Preſum'd to ſolve the Riddle of the Skie;

Impatient till I knew my doom,
Dejected till the good direction come;
I ript up Fates forbidden womb.
Nor would I ſtay till it brought forth
An eaſie and a natural birth;
But was ſollicitous to know
The yet miſhapen *Embryo*.
Prepoſterous Crime!
Without the formal midwifery of time,
Fond man, as if too little grief were given
On Earth, draws down inquietudes from Heaven;
Permits himſelf with fear to be unman'd,
Balſhazzar-like grown wan and pale,
His very heart begins to fail,
Is frighted at the writing of the hand,
Which yet nor we, nor all our learn'd Magicians underſtand.

VIII.

VIII.

And now at length, what's the result of all,
Should the strict Audit come,
And for th'Account too early call?
A numerous heap of Cyphers would be found the total Sum.
When incompassionate age shall plough
The delicate *Amyra*'s brow,
And draw his furrows deep and long;
What hardy youth is he,
Will after that a Reaper be,
Or sing the Harvest-song?
And what is Verse, but an effeminate vent
Either of Lust or Discontent?
Colours must starve, and all their glories dye;
Invented only to deceive the eye:
And he that wily Law does love,
Much more of Serpent has than Dove.
Ther's nothing in Astrology
But Delphick ambiguity,

We

We are misguided in the dark, and thus
Each Star becomes an *Ignis fatuus*.
Yet pardon me, ye glorious Lamps of light;
'Twas one of you that led the way,
Dispell'd the gloomy night,
Became a *Phosphor* to th' Immortal day,
And shew'd the *Magi* where th'Almighty Infant lay.

IX.

At length the doubtful Victory's won;
It was a cunning Ambuscade
The World for my felicities had laid:
Yet now at length the day's our own;
Now Conqueror, let us new Laws set down;
Henceforth shall all our love Seraphick turn:
The sprightly and the vigorous flame
On th' Altar shall for ever burn,
And sacrifice its ancient name.
A Tablet on my heart next I'll prepare,
Where I will draw the holy Sepulchre;

Behinde

Behinde it a fair Landskip I will lay
Of melancholy *Golgotha*:
On th' Altar I will all my Spoils lay down,
And (if I had one) there I'd hang my Lawrel Crown.
Give me the Pandects of the Law divine,
Such 'twas made *Moſes* face to ſhine.
Thus beyond *Saturn*'s heavie Orb I'll tower,
And laugh at his malicious power.
Raptur'd in Contemplation thus I'll go,
Above unactive earth, and leave the Stars below.

X.

Toſt on the wings of every winde,
After theſe hov'rings to and fro,
And ſtill the waters higher grow;
Not knowing where, a reſting place to finde,
Whither for Sanctuary ſhould I go,
But, Revered Sir, to you?

You

You that have triumpht o're th'impetuous flood,
And *Noah*-like, in bad times durſt be good,
And the ſtiff torrent manfully withſtood,
Can ſave me too,
One that have long in fear of drowning bin,
Surrounded by a Cataclyſme of ſin:
Do you but reach out a propitious hand,
And charitably take me in,
I will not yet deſpair to ſee dry land.
'Tis done, and I no longer fluctuate,
I've made the Church my Ark, and *Sion*'s Hill my *Ararat*.

The

THE SCHISMATICK.

I.

THough now th'Episcoparian pow'rs
Have rais'd agen this Church of ours,
And wilful opposites do bring
I'th' circle of the Wedding-ring;
Yet my *Clarina*, I've a trick
To play loves various Schismatick.

II.

Nor will I constantly respect
This Novelty, or that old Sect;
But take the freedom still to range,
And be a *Proteus* in my change:
I'le turn to all the Sects that be,
Yet never turn, my Love, from thee.

III.

A Papiſt I will firſt begin :
For Love is but a Venial ſin.
His Holineſs i'th' Porphyry Chair
Gets Neece or Nephew for his Heir :
Who calls it Vice, does it miſcal ;
For 'tis a Vertue Cardinal.

IV.

Next, though, indeed, I know there be
No Penance like Presbytery,
Whoſe rigid and imperious Sway
Would force the Monarch to obey :
Thy Faith ſhall make, when cloſe we meet,
My Works do Penance in a ſheet.

V.

An Independent I'll appear
To any Love but thine, my Dear :
Our wing'd affection we'll advance
Above all Forms and Ordinance ;
Nor outward Rites affect I can,
But thou ſhalt feel the inward man.

VI.

The Ranter I will ſmartly play,
To fright all Rivals elſe away.
An Adamite I needs muſt prove
With thee, my Family of Love;
Where freely we, to move delights,
Will uſe a thouſand pretty ſlights.

VII.

A Seeker pleaſes next my minde,
'Cauſe what I ſeek I'm ſure to finde.
Like Anabaptiſt, who'd not ſtrip
In ſuch a pleaſant Bath to dip,
Till we lockt in embracing Charms,
Turn Quakers in each others Arms?

SONG.

SONG.

I.

PRethee, little Boy, refrain,
'Tis in vain
That thou at my heart doſt aim:
For kind *Bacchus* does ſo charm it,
Nought but Wine,
Nought but Wine can ever warm it.

II.

Tell me not of Ladies eyes;
I deſpiſe
All flames which from thence ariſe:
The higheſt loves ere yet created,
Are by Wine,
Are by Wine, quench'd or abated.

III.

III.

I should Women Tyrants find,
If I whin'd
When to me they prove unkind:
The first coldness I discover,
I cure one,
I cure one heat by another.

IV.

After I my flame relate,
If she hate,
I use her too at that rate:
For 'tis always my desire
To do like,
To do like her I admire.

V.

Therefore though you were more fair
Than you are,
If unkind, I would not care.
Nothing more or less can move me
To love you,
To love you, then you to love me.

News from *Newcastle.*

England's a perfect World, has *Indies* too;
Correct your Maps, *Newcastle* is *Peru*:
Let haughty *Spaniards* triumph till 'tis cold;
Our sooty Minerals purifie his Gold.
This will sublime and hatch th'abortive Oare,
When the Sun tires, and Stars can do no more.
No Mines are currant, unrefin'd and gross;
Coals make the Sterling, Nature but the Dross.
For Metals, *Bacchus*-like, two births approve,
Heaven's heats the *Semele*, and ours the *Jove*.
Thus Art does polish Nature, 'tis the trade;
So every Madam has a Chamber-maid.
Who'd dote on Gold, a thing so strange and odd?
'Tis most contemptible when made a God.
All sin and mischiefs it does raise and swell;
One India more would make another Hell.

Qu

Our Mines are innocent, nor will the North
Tempt frail mortality with too much worth.
Their Art ſo precious, rich enough to fire
A Lover, yet make no Idolater.
The moderate value of our guiltleſs Ore,
Makes no man Atheiſt, nor no woman Whore.
Yea, why ſhould hallow'd Veſtals ſacred Shrine
Deſerve more honour than a flaming Mine?
Theſe pregnant Wombs of heat would fitter be,
Than a few Embers for a Deity.
Had he our Pits, the Perſian would admire
No Sun, but warm's devotion at our fire:
He'd leave the rambling Traveller, and preſer
Our profound *Vulcan* above *Phœbus* Car.
For, wants he Heat, or Light, or would have ſtore
Of both? 'tis here: and what can th'Sun give more?
Nay, what's the Sun, but in a different Name,
A nobler Coal-pit, or a Mine of Flame?
Then let this truth reciprocally run.
The Sun's Heavens Coalery, and Coals our Sun:

A Sun that ſcorcheth not, lock'd up i'th' deep;
The Lion's chain'd, the Bandog is aſleep.
That Tyrant-fire which uncontroul'd does rage,
Is here confin'd, like *Bajazeth* in's Cage:
For in each Coal-pit there does couchant dwell
A muzled *Ætna*, or an innocent Hell;
That Cloud but kindled, light you'l ſoon deſcry,
Then will a Day break from the gloomy Sky;
Then you'l unbutton, though *December* blow,
And ſweat i'th' midſt of Icicles and Snow:
The Dog-days then at *Chriſtmaſs*; thus is all
The year made *June* and Æquinoctial.
If heat offend, our Pits afford you ſhade;
The Summer's Winter, Winter's Summer made.
A Coal-pit's both a Ventiduct and Stove;
What need we Baths? we need no Bower nor Grove.
Such Pits and Caves were Palaces of old,
Poor Innes, God wot, yet in an age of Gold;
And what would now be thought a ſtrange deſigne,
To build a Houſe, was then to undermine.

People

People liv'd under ground, and happy dwellers
Whoſe loftieſt habitations were all Cellars:
Thoſe Primitive times were innocent, for then
Man, who turn'd after Fox, but made his Den.
But, ſee a ſail of—— trim and fine,
To court the rich *Infanta* of the Mine;
Hundreds of bold *Leanders* do confront,
For this lov'd *Hero*, the rough *Helleſpont*;
'Tis an Armado Royal does engage
For ſome new *Hellen* with this equipage;
Prepar'd too, ſhould we their Addreſſes bar,
To force their Miſtreſs, with a ten years War:
But that our Mine's a common good, a joy
Made not to ruine, but enrich our *Troy*.
But oh! theſe bring it with, 'em and conſpire
To pawn that Idol for our Smoake and Fire.
Silver's but Ballaſt, this they bring on ſhore,
That they may treaſure up our better Ore.
For this they venture Rocks and Storms, defie
All the extremity of Sea and Sky.

For the glad purchaſe of this precious Mold,
Cowards dare Pyrates, Miſers part with Gold.
Hence is it, when the doubtful Ship ſets forth,
The Naving-needle ſtill directs her North:
And Natures ſecret wonder to atteſt
Our India's worth, diſcards both Eaſt and Weſt
For *Tyne*; nor only Fire commends this Spring,
A Coal-pit is a Mine of every thing.
We ſink a Jack-of-All-trades ſhop, and found
An Inverſe Burſe, an Exchange under ground.
This *Proteus*-earth converts to what you'l haſt,
Now you may wear't to Silk, now turn't to Plate;
And, what's a Metamorphoſis more dear,
Diſſolve it, and 'twill turn to *London*-Beer.
And whatſoe're that gaudy City boaſts,
Each Month does drive to our attractive Coaſts;
We ſhall exhauſt their Chamber, and devour
Their Treaſures at *Guild-hall*, and Mint i'th' *Tower*.
Our Stayth's their Mortgag'd Streets will ſoon divide,
Blazon their *Cornhil-ſtella*, ſhare *Cheap-ſide*.

Thus

Thus ſhall our Coal-pits charity and pity,
At diſtance undermine and fire the City.
Should we exact, they'd pawn their Wives, and treat
To ſwoop thoſe Coolers for our ſoveraign heat.
'Bove kiſſes and embraces fire controuls;
No *Venus* heightens like a peck of Coals.
Medea was the Drug of ſome old Sire;
And *Æſon*'s Bath a luſty Sea-coal-fire.
Chimneys are old mens Miſtreſſes, their ſins
A modern dalliance with their meazled ſhins.
To all Defects a Coal-pit gives a Cure;
Gives Youth to Age, and Raiment to the Poor.
Pride firſt wore Cloathes, Nature diſdains Attire;
She made us Naked, 'cauſe ſhe gave us Fire.
Full Wharffs are Ward-robes, and the Taylors charm
Belongs to th'Collier, he muſt keep us warm.
The quilted Alderman in all's Array,
Finds but cold comfort in a Summers-day;
Girt, wrapt, and muffled, yet with all this ſtir
Scarce warm, when ſmother'd in his drouſie Fur;

Nor proof againſt keen Winters batteries,
Should he himſelf wear all's own Liveries;
But Chil-blains under Silver-ſpurs bewails,
And in embroyder'd buskins blows his nails.
Rich Medows and full Crops are elſewhere found;
We can reap Harveſts from our barren ground.
The bald parch'd Hills that circumſcribe our *Tyne*,
Are no leſs pregnant in our happy Mine.
Their unfledg'd tops ſo well content our palats,
We envy none their Noſegays and their Sallets.
A gay rank Soyl, like a young Gallant goes,
And ſpends it ſelf, that it may wear fine Clothes;
Whilſt all its worth is to its back confin'd,
Ours wears plain out-ſide, but is richly lin'd.
Winter's above, 'tis Summer underneath,
A truſty Morglay in a ruſty ſheath.
As precious Sables ſometimes enterlace
A wretched Serge, or Grograin Caſſock caſe;
Rocks own no Spring, are pregnant with no Showers;
Criſtals and Gems are there inſtead of Flowers.

Inſtead

Inſtead of Roſes, Beds of Rubies ſet,
And Emeralds recompence the Violet.
Dame Nature, not like other Madams, wears,
Though ſhe is bare, Pearls in her Eyes and Ears.
What though our Fields preſent a naked ſight?
A Paradice ſhould be an *Adamite*.
The Northern Lad his bonny Laſs throws down,
And gives her a black Bag for a green Gown.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF *CLEAVELAND*.

AS Sea-men ſhipwrackt on ſome happy ſhore,
Diſcover Wealth in Lands unknown before;
And what their Art had labour'd for in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much-envy'd Muſe by Storms long toſt,
Is caſt upon your Hoſpitable Coaſt;

And

And finds more favour by her ill ſucceſs,
Than ſhe could hope for by her happineſs.
Once *Cato*'s Virtues did the Gods oppoſe,
When they the Victor, he the Vanquiſh'd choſe:
But you have done what *Cato* could not do,
To chuſe the Vanquiſh'd, and reſtore him too.
Let others ſtill triumph, and gain their cauſe
By their deſerts, or by the Worlds applauſe;
Let Merit Crowns, and Juſtice Laurels give,
But let me Happy by your Pity live.
True Poets empty Praiſe and Fame deſpiſe;
Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smiles the Prize.
You ſit above, and ſee vain men below
Contend for what you only can beſtow:
But thoſe great Actions others do by chance,
Are, like your Beauty, your Inheritance.
So great a Soul, ſuch ſweetneſs joyn'd in One,
Could only ſpring from Noble *Grandiſon*;
You, like the Stars, not by reflexion bright,
Are born to your own Heav'n, and your own Light;

Like

Like them are good, but from a Nobler Cauſe,
From your own Knowledg, not from Natures Laws.
Your pow'r you uſe but for your own defence,
To guard your own, or others Innocence.
Your Foes are ſuch as they, not you, have made;
And Virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the Ancient *Hero*'s ſhow,
Who, when they might prevent, did wait the blow;
With that aſſurance, as they meant to ſay,
We will o'recome, but ſcorn the ſafeſt way.

Well may I reſt ſecure in your great Fate,
And dare my Stars to be unfortunate.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, that caſtives all things, ſets me free.
Poſterity would judge by my ſucceſs,
I had the Grecian Poets happineſs,
Who waving Plots, found out a better way;
Some God deſcended and preſerv'd the Play.

When firſt the Triumphs of your Sex were ſung
By thoſe old Poets, Beauty was but young;

And

And few admir'd her native red and white,
Till Poets dreſt her up to charm the ſight.
So Beauty took on truſt, and did engage
For ſums of praiſes, till ſhe came of age:
But this vaſt growing Debt of Poeſie,
You, Madam, juſtly have diſcharg'd to me,
When your applauſe and favour did infuſe
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muſe;
Which, that the World as well as you may ſee,
Let theſe rude Verſes your Acquittance be.
Receiv'd in full this preſent day and year,
One ſoveraign ſmile from Beauties general Heir.

To

To a Fooliſh Fair One.

'Tis true, we all confeſs you fair,
The red and white well plac'd;
You have an eye beyond compare,
A delicate ſmall waſte;
That leads to ſuch delight as is
Unſpeakable, like after-bliſs.
A skin ſo pure, as new-faln ſnow
For ſorrow melts away,
Becauſe ſubdu'd in whiteneſs ſo;
And ſoft as—— what to ſay
Compariſon limps far behind
Your matchleſs body in my mind.
But what's all this to purpoſe ſaid?
As much as nothing yet;
Shew me the Jewel here that's laid
Up in this Cabinet.
I'm for the kernel; and the ſhell,
Though ne're ſo ſmooth, take he that will.

If

If peevishness, or proud disdain
Become a Noble Breſt,
Ask any of *Diana's* Train,
Or Abbeſs of the reſt:
And ſhe'l reſolve you, fooliſh Pride
Ne're dwelt where Wiſdom does abide.

Fading BEAUTY.

TAke Time, my Dear, e're Time takes wing;
Beauty knows no ſecond Spring:
Marble Pillars, Tombs of Braſs,
Time breaks down, much more this Glaſs;
Then e're that Tyrant Time beſpeak it,
Let's drink healths in't firſt, then break it.
At Twenty five in Womens eyes
Beauty does fade, at Thirty dyes.

To

A Full Grown BEAUTY.

I.

O Tarry, let me banquet on
Thoſe Cherries dropping-ripe on thee;
Too ſoon, alas, they will be gon,
And a cold Palſie ſhake the Tree.

II.

No Fawn, nor yet out-lying Deer,
Grazes within this Ivory Pale;
Yet what now likes, will loathe the ear,
And run into an old Wives Tale.

III.

Thoſe Arms of *York* and *Lancaſter*
United in thy beauteous Cheek,
E're long will fall agen to War;
For Roſes then, where ſhall we ſeek?

IV.

IV.

Thoſe heav'nly Lights which ſhine ſo clear,
As makes the days bright Eye to wink,
Muſt ſuffer ſtrange Eclipſes here,
And in their ſockets faintly ſink.

V.

Thoſe pretty Balls of Panting ſnow,
That circle in the Milky way,
Shall two looſe hanging Udders grow,
And all your glories thus decay.

VI.

Then be not fondly nice to ſpare
What unthrift time will lewdly ſpend;
Keep open houſe, and let me ſhare;
What freely came, as freely lend.

VII.

E're Beauty breaks up houſe, and heart,
Prove hoſpitably kind, impart.
What Fools are they that lead their life in care,
To leave rich ſurfeits for a thankleſs Heir!

The

The ENJOYMENT.

I.

FAr from the ſtately Edifice,
Where Princes dwell, and Lords reſort;
Weary of ſeeing in the Court
So much conſtraint and Artifice,
At home I liv'd in liberty,
Though my Heart did impriſon'd lye
Within my deareſt *Silvia*'s Breſt:
Nor fearing in her Love th'inconſtancy of Fate,
I led the ſweeteſt life for reſt,
That ever ſcap'd the Snares of Envy, Grief, or Hate.

II.

My Senſes kept intelligence
With my Deſires in equal meaſures,
And ſought me out a thouſand pleaſures
With a moſt faithful diligence:

Each one my Fortune did admire,
To bleſs me Heaven did conſpire;
To make me happy, every Star
Caſt down ſo mild an influence on all my actions,
No oppoſition e're did bar
Me from enjoying to the full all my affections.

III.

Thus was my ſtate incomparable,
So was my Miſtreſs, and my Love;
All others joyes I ſoar'd above
So high, that they ſeem'd miſerable.
I was a Lover much belov'd,
And 'midſt the frequent joy I prov'd
No bitterneſs was intermix'd;
But whilſt thereon I fed, the more that I enjoy'd,
The more my appetite was fix'd
To taſte agen, and yet my ſenſe was never cloy'd.

IV.

IV.

Under our Climate Nature ſhows
Her Beauties naked to each eye,
Glutting the Light enchantingly
With the choice Objects ſhe beſtows.
Upon the Flowers we glittering ſpie
Tears, or rather Pearls to lie,
Dropt from the Cheeks of fair *Auror*'s;
Wherewith ſhe to whom *Zephirus* makes Vows and Pray'rs,
And whom the blithe Spring does adore,
Does beautifie each Morn her Neck and Curled hair.

V.

There 'mongſt the Smiles and the Careſſes,
The little frolick God inſpir'd,
Danc'd on th'enamel'd Graſs till tir'd
With his ſweet Miſtreſſes, the Graces.

And ſtill when he deſir'd to Kiſs,
He came to reſt himſelf, Oh Bliſs!
Betwixt my *Silvia*'s ſnowy Breſts;
Whence he created thouſand new and freſh delights,
Whoſe Charms no Language can expreſs;
For every moment Life or Death was in their mights.

VI.

Sometimes we ſaw a Satyr come,
Who ſitting in an Oaks freſh ſhade,
Upon his Pipe complaints then made
Of Love, and its ſweet Martyrdome.
Then walk'd we to a Grove apart,
Wherein the Sun no beam could dart,
To find out Solitarineſs.
And finding peaceful Reſt, with ſolitude there ſporting,
We baniſh'd all unquietneſs,
Leſt that might have diſturb'd our pretty harmleſs courting.

VII.

VII.

There under a ſtraight Mirtle-tree,
(Which Lovers holy do eſteem)
Where grav'd by *Venus* hand had been
Her Trophies, and Loves Myſtery:
Moſt ſolemn Vows betwixt us paſt,
That our bright Flame ſhould ever laſt;
Nor ſhould its Ardour weaker grow.
Then offering up thoſe Oathes to our Victorious King,
We wrote them on the Bark below;
But they were deeper printed on our heart within.

VIII.

Sometimes a little doubt I feign'd,
And in her Ear thus whiſpred I,
(Only to ſound her conſtancy)
Is your Love free, or elſe conſtrain'd?

Then keeping ſilence for a ſpace,
I ſigh'd, and with a mournful face
Proceeded thus with Lovers Art:
Shall I e're dare to hope? Oh heavenly Miracle!
To be as truly in your Heart
As in your Eyes, where I behold my ſelf ſo well.

IX.

She mov'd with this, would anſwer me,
(Accuſing firſt my want of Faith)
Lyſis, a place thy Image hath
Deeper than in my Eye can be:
I'le take thy ſelf to judge it here,
You know it cannot be ſo neer,
Since it appears ſo little, —— Well,
Believe then, by reflected Lines thou doeſt it ſee
Grav'd on my heart, where it does dwell,
Thorow my eyes, as under Chryſtals pictures be.

X.

At this reply, my raviſht ſpirits
Being rapt into a huge content,
I did implore her quick conſent
Unto more amorous delights.
And thus to make our conteſt ſhort,
I tempted her to that ſweet ſport
Wherewith a Woman's ſeldom cloy'd:
Claſping her in the heat, that great deſire provokes
(She yielding then to be enjoy'd)
Cloſer then amorous Vines embrace the ſturdy Oaks.

XI.

Then on her melting Lips half cloſed
I tippled, kiſſing night and day
A health unto our Love alway,
Sipping that Cup whoſe brim was Roſied:

My Shepherdeſs, as free as I,
Pledging thoſe healths moſt greedily,
Was o'recome with the ſame exceſs;
When having laviſhly thus ſpent our Amorous ſtore,
Our drooping Countenance did expreſs,
Thorow our languiſh'd looks, that we could do no more.

XII.

Yet our deſires reſuming courage,
When our endeavors weakeſt grew,
Exercis'd many ways anew
Loves Game, for which each ſenſe did forage;
That ſweet bewitching paſſion
Led us with ſo much ardor on,
And all our motions were ſo hurl'd,
That who at that ſame time in *Cypria*'s Grove had ſeen us,
Would ſure have judg'd, that all the World
Had been the Wager of ſo fierce a Fight between us.

XIII.

XIII.

In this enjoyment ne'retheleſs
We ſcorn'd the World, and did content us
With thoſe only Joyes Love lent us,
Whilſt my ſtretcht Body hers did preſs.
A thouſand times of this more glad,
Then if both *Indies* we had had;
We wanted nothing thoſe ſhort hours:
'Twas not our wiſh, a Crown or Kingdom for to have;
We envy'd not Riches or Powers;
T'enjoy thoſe Pleaſures ſtill, was all that we did crave.

XIV.

But oh! what Pen's enough laſcivious,
Were it pluckt from a Sparrows wing,
For to deſcribe ſo ſweet a thing
As theſe ſo oft enjoyments with us?

Never

Never (though with Cloathes unlaced,
Venus her dear Love embraced)
Were ſuch various Sports invented:
Nor ere did Love, and's *Pſyche* fair with him,
Taſte ſuch delights, were ſo contented
As were our raviſht Souls, with this enticing Sin,

XV.

The Tongue being o'th' party too,
When a cloſe Kiſs beſieg'd it, ſtraight
On the Lips borders it would wait,
And ſometimes forth in ſallies go:
The Enemy when its ſtroakes did come,
Found it ſo ſweet a Martyrdome,
That it did welcome each atteint;
Whilſt thouſand Smacks and Sighs at the ſame time ſerv'd there
For Songs of Victory; without plaints
Both vanquiſht and the Victor equally contented were.

XVI.

XVI.

One day close by a murmuring Spring
Of liquid Silver purifi'd,
Whose wandring winding Stream did glide
Towards the Sea, and ran therein;
My Lute did speak the softest strain
Fingers could make, to entertain
My Fancy with; but then anon
I made the Strings break forth in a more vigorous sound,
Which mov'd the very Rocks whereon
The lusty sprightly Goats did often skip and bound.

XVII.

Birds by the Musick drawn in numbers,
Stretch'd forth their pretty necks to hear,
Panting as if they ravish'd were,
Alike o'recome with joy and wonder.

The

The Beasts we every where did see
Gazing at us on bended knee;
Charm'd into silence all things were,
Whilst from an aged Oak, inspir'd with our content,
These words distinctly we did hear,
Which in a pleasing tone to us were sent.

XVIII.

Orpheus from *Rhadamanthe*'s sight,
Hath now redeem'd from Hell again
(Spight of its Flames, and Fates strong Chain)
Euridice to heavenly Light.
That most unparallell'd Pair in Love,
Are once more now rejoyn'd above;
Twice parted against boths desires,
His Head in which the Gods such rare Gifts have enclos'd,
Nor his so much admired Lyre,
To the Waves mercy then it seems were not expos'd.

A Land-Voyage in *Ireland.*

After a Break-fast, the last Sundays Eve,
By the Sun's Rise, the *Blarney* we did leave;
Who at his getting up so smil'd and laught,
As if he'd drink the Clouds for's Mornings-draught.
But yet, alas, we had not gone a League,
When the false Weather turn'd directly *Teige*;
And the Wind too unkindly turned South,
And blew i'th' Teeth of those had some, i'th'Mouth
Of those had none; so that *Betty* th'unfair,
Spight of all wants, had suffer'd, if then there.
The Rain pour'd down so fast, 'twas too well known
The Clouds were then not troubled with the Stone.
This did so greatly raise a little Brook,
That we did fear our way we had mistook;
For 'twas so deep, that a Ship might have then
Floated, tho' laden with Committee-men.

Which

Which danger, when we found, we did begin
To wiſh each Hand and Foot had been a Fin.
At length by Land and Water we got o're,
And had no ſooner reacht the Pagan-ſhore,
But a bold *Teige*, e're I could look about,
Swore for to wet my inſide as my out.
With that he brought a Flagon, but ſo greaſie,
That had my Boots been half ſo much, with eaſe I
The Water had kept out, which I did fear
Much leſs than to let in his ſmaller Beer:
Beer, of which many ill things might be ſed,
Were't not unfit to ſpeak ill of the Dead.
Yet thus much of it I dare boldly ſay,
Though weak, it quickly drove us all away.
But that, you'll ſay, was not much for its Fame,
Since that the Water had neer done the ſame.
Having my potion drunk, I held it fit
To pay, though drinking I had paid for it:
Perhaps the Entertainer thought the ſame:
For, when but Money only I did name,

He took't ſo ill, that clearly I do think,
Nothing could be worſe taken but his Drink.
Our Hoſt, at length, a little ſatisfi'd,
Yet more than we, our Beaſts we did beſtride,
And ſwitch and ſpur, a foot-pace rid away,
Unto the place where Captain *Ruddock* lay:
But wet ſo Cap-a-pee, that where we ſtood,
We almoſt there did raiſe a ſecond Flood;
Which made the half-drown'd Garriſon deſire
That we this marching Deluge would retire;
Nay, ſome of them ſtuck not to ſay aloud,
We were not Men, but a diſſolving Cloud.
Such were our Droppings, that if they had bin
Tears of Repentance, they had Drown'd our Sin.
Our half-becalmed Steeds we then did laſh on,
Till at the length we came to *Bally-Glaſſon*;
But ſome, as I thought, went with an ill will on,
Tho' that the *Quarters* were of Captain *Dillon*.
But there my watry Friends grew quickly merry,
Finding their Foord there turn'd into a Ferry;

Hoping

Hoping that I no further would have gon,
But ended there our Navigation.

I ſcorn'd ſo poor a thought, and therefore got
A reeling *Charon* to a reeling *Cott*.
It was a Miracle we were not ſunk,
Since that the Boat and Boat-man both were drunk.
Had but the firſt as full of Liquor bin
As the laſt was, nought could have made it ſwim.
That Axiom we did then experiment,
That nothing's weighty in its Element;
Elſe we had there miſcarried without doubt,
By *Charon*'s wet within, and ours without.

But of *George Dillon*, three Steeds I did borrow,
Which I made bold the Water to ſwim thorow.
Our Train we left there, and thoſe three that went-on,
Were I, my Servant *Gibbs*, and *Maurice Fenton*.
So lean thoſe Gennets were, that I their ribs
Could ſee as plainly as I could ſee *Gibbs*:
And, to ſpeak true, the beſt Beaſt that we were-on,
Was, both by Sire and Dam, a downright *Garron*.

As for their mettle, you muſt think it rare,
When nought about them but their hair did ſtare.
Their out-ſide, tho 'twere harſh, yet ſure they be
The civil'ſt Creatures I did ever ſee;
For, without lying it might well be ſed,
To every thing they bow'd both knee and head;
Chiefly my own, which made me ſtrongly ſeat
I then did ride on an Idolater;
At leaſt, if it be lawful ſo to ſay
Of one who unto ſtones doth kneel and pray.
And when he ſtumbled, you might then as ſoon
Have hindred Fate, as him from falling down.
But yet ſo wanton, that between each ſpit
And ſtride, he ever inceſt would commit.
Maurice his Steed oft put him into fright
Of juſtly loſing the Name of *White Knight*.
The Horſe too that my Man was mounted on,
Was by his Maſter called *Choridon*.
Which gallant Name did coſt the poor Jade dear,
It made him both *Gibbs* and the Cloak-bag bear;

Which forc'd the proud *Getulian* ſo to puff,
That we at firſt did think he took't in ſnuff.
And therefore for to right him I was minded,
Which doing, I ſoon found him broken-winded:
And that he ſhew'd too in ſo high a form,
I wondred, croſſing *Styx*, he rais'd no ſtorm.
This happy truth as ſoon as I did find,
I voted *Gibbs* ſtill for to ride behind;
Which tho I had not, here 'tis to be noted,
The Beaſt himſelf had done what I had voted:
So that when Mettle did in our Steeds fail,
That want was help'd by an obliging Gale.
But now I end, leſt ſome might truly ſay,
The Story is as tedious as the Way.
At length, with hazard both of Life and Lim,
By Candle-light *Macroome* we entred in;
So dirty, that even as much Rain agen
Could with much difficulty make us Clean.
Our Horſes too, as thoſe that ſaw them ſay,
Appeard like moving Statues made of Clay;

And tho alive, did ſeem the ſelf-ſame Earth,
From whence at firſt they did derive their Birth.
We were no ſooner lighted, but we there
Did offer up many a Curſe and Pray'r:
The firſt, a greater ſure we could not give,
Was, That our Horſes as they were might live,
And the laſt was, They might be rid by thoſe
Who were our Private and the Publick Foes.

To A Fair MISTRESS.

Madam,

TO praiſe you to your face, I think
As groſs a kindneſs as to ſprinkle Ink
Inſtead of thoſe Black-patches Ladies wear
As Foyls, to ſet their Beauties off more rare.
Troth, I muſt tell you plain, to climb the Skies
You muſt excuſe me for a caſt of Eyes;

And having put yours out, in eithers Grave
T'inocculate a Star, 'tis wondrous brave,
I muſt confeſs, and ſpeaks a Giant Muſe,
Such monſtrous high ſimilitudes to uſe;
They cannot chuſe but a rare Beauty make,
When all the Bulls and Bears th'ave brought to ſtake;
That ſay her Name were *Vrſula*, I'le wager,
In place of *Minor*, ſhe ſhall be the *Major*;
Her Cheeks the *Milkie-way*, where the whole Team
Of Deities eat Strawberries and Cream;
And when they call for healths, young *Hebe* trips,
And taps full Bowls of Nectar from her Lips:
The very Dimple of her Chin is ſo,
Cupid there hides his Quiver and his Bow:
And, if this Dimple be ſo wide, I trow,
(Hark in your Ear) What think ye's that below?
Fool that I was, 'tis eaſie to beguile
The ignorant, I ſee; for all this while
Until I heard her thighs white Marble were,
I thought the man brought *ſtones*, not found them there.

By

By that time to the Moon ſhe's full compar'd,
With Atoms powdred, with the Sun-beams hair'd,
Tooth'd like an Elephant, at leaſt like Pearl;
Will ſhe not ſeem a luſty ſtrapping Girl?
Her Legs, the Poles on which this Heaven ſtands;
Sure ſhe wears pretty Shoes, ſmall Gloves on Hands.
But let each Lover chuſe what he ſees good,
I love a Miſtreſs made of fleſh and blood;
And of thoſe mortal Beauties, to ſay true,
I love none more, 'cauſe none more fair than you.

Againſt WOMEN.

WOman at firſt intended was, no doubt,
To pleaſe and comfort man; not took to pout
At every trifle, till in ſome fond paſſion,
Man over-kind alter'd her true Creation,
As Kings did Popes; to whom the Proverb well
Extends, That give an inch, they'll take an ell.
And ſince experience ſhews each Dame one,
In ſtate, as teeming, fain would be Pope *Jone*;

So learn the garb of Pride; ſpeaks ſharp, is cruel,
Obſerves no mean, no reaſon: Here's a Jewel
To truſt indeed! a pretty piece of Folly
To cope with in a ſerious Melancholy:
Whoſe Will's her Law, whoſe Terms allow we muſt,
(And ſhort Vacations too;) whoſe Love's meer Luſt;
Grant all ſhe asks, or talks, be ſure to pleaſe,
Or elſe be ſure to live in little eaſe.
Where once her ſpleen's againſt, no Egge ſo ill
Can Malice lay, but ſhe ſits brooding ſtill;
Her Tears as full of Treaſon as her Smiles,
And both intrapping like the Crocodiles.
Not a poor minute certain, juſt like one
Plays faſt and looſe; now here, now *preſto*, gone.
Who carries Tales, brings Sweet-meats; it's no matter,
To pleaſe her, what they forge, or how they flatter.
Nor cares ſhe how ſhe makes her Lover ſad;
But croſs her in the leaſt, ſhe runs ſtark mad.
When ſhe's trickt up in all her gay attire,
Leſs cauſe ſee I to love her than admire.

Take

Take her undreſt, and all her Trinkets out,
There's a ſweet Prize to keep ſuch coyl about!
One ſets 'em well together, he that ſwears,
Woomen and Dogs ſet all the World by th'Ears.

O for ſome other way to Propagate,
Than this accurſed cauſe of all Debate!
Where noble Friendſhip muſt be quite caſhier'd,
If ſhe ſit down believ'd, or but once heard;
And if her pet's not ſerv'd i'th'nick, far leſs
Undecent noiſe makes the robb'd Lioneſs.

Eve by the Serpent was beguil'd; my mind
Gives me, that Serpent entred all the Kind.
Had that firſt Anabaptiſt herd (I mean
Thoſe Swine that Satan waſht away ſo clean)
Been left, and every Female that made head,
That's all the Sex but ten, dipt in their ſtead.
(Perhaps too, thoſe are tranſmigrated now,
Since each foul grunting Quean's baptized *Sow*)
O what a jolly Bone-fire had the Prince
Of Darkneſs made! How many Men ſav'd ſince?

Leſs flames by thouſands Earth to Hell had ſent,
As ſmall fires ſerve where the chief fuel's ſpent.

But are not Women helps? yes, nought ſo ſure,
Helps to undo men, if they'll it endure.
If thou ſit ſtill, and little have to ſay,
She'll help thee to diſcourſe, but her own way;
So full of groſs impertinence, at beſt;
Imagine when ſhe's froward, what's the reſt?
Has't an Eſtate? and would'ſt improve it well?
Leave it to her, ſhe'll help thee pawn or ſell,
To buy this Toy, that other coſtly faſhion,
Or elſe diſgrace thee with a Miſers paſſion.
Art thou well ſtockt with ſtrength, and health to friend (it?
She'll help thee to a paſtime that ſhall ſpend it.

If Women then ſuch helps oft prove to be,
Let them help who they will, pray God help me.

Anſwer

ANSWER
In Defence of WOMEN.

WHat wild diſtemper has poſſeſt thy brain,
Harſh Satyriſt, in ſuch uncomely ſtrain
To wound that heavenly Race, the joys of men,
All at one ſtroke aſſaſſin'd by thy Pen?
As if a general defection had
Seiz'd all the Sex, becauſe a few prove bad:
Or that on Church, 'cauſe ſome Fanaticks fall,
It needs muſt follow w'are Fanaticks all.
Recant, or fly, for lo the ſacred Band
Of Wit and Valour Feminine's at hand.
The twice-ſteel'd Goddeſs claps her Armor on,
And leads the van againſt thee, ſo that none
Of all the Muſes, or a Grace, combin'd
Thus altogether, now dare ſtay behind.

Who

Who weeping ſate by their own Fountain dri'd
Up in this ſun-burnt age, born to deride
Their ſacred influence; and when they ſing
With unwaſht hands, pollute the Virgin-ſpring.
Led by the Grecian *Hero's*, they diſplay
For Colours the Chaſte Wife of *Ithaca*,
With a full Troop attending; and that Dame
Whoſe coſtly Faith keeps freſh the breath of Fame;
Who built her Lord a Tomb with wondrous Art,
Yet not ſo rich, as that about her heart.
The fam'd *Lucretia*, and *Paulina*'s try'd
Endear'd affection, poize the *Roman* ſide:
On whom the Veſtals wait with holy fire,
Whoſe flames not burn, but only warm deſire;
With Regiments well fill'd of youthful years,
That Muſter paſs under thoſe Brigadeers.
But what remoter Times and parts have known,
We find at home contracted in our own.
Take one for all the reſt, whoſe worth unſtain'd,
Makes perfect truth what perhaps Poets fain'd;

That

That ſhould falſe tongues lick all my hopes away,
And in her or'e-caſt Eye benight my Day;
As who can ſcape thoſe Ear-wigs, if ſo near
They wriggle in, as to aſſault the Ear?
(And it is eaſie, where they'l be ſo vicious,
T'intrap an honeſt meaning unſuſpicious)
I'd wear her frowns for favors, and would deem
Them marks of caution, not of diſeſteem.
Go, light thy Taper at yon' Ladies Eyes,
Where Day doth ſeem to break, the Sun to riſe
On equal *Hymen*, who ne're minds the parts,
But gets a trick to joyn Eſtates, not Hearts;
He that does Marry thinks not ſure he takes
An Angel into his embrace, nor makes
A Deity of Duſt, and ſuch are we;
If there be fleſh and blood, ſome faults will be.
Tho the mad Pens of Lovers Idolize,
Yet in cold blood, try'd Husbands are more wiſe.
Wedlock's the Lifes grand Sallet, if its Oyl'd;
Without ſome Vineger the taſte is ſpoyl'd.

He

He that damns all but for the faults of ſome,
Deſtroys his Orchard for a rotten Plum,
Or Crab-tree-ſtock, when a diſcreeter Fate
Would graft upon it, or inoculate.
Like to the Sot, ſo out of love with Print,
He burns his Book for ſome Errata's in't.
'Tis a meer humor this, which ſpent, you then
Cry Women up, as faſt as down the Men;
Though 'tis unnatural, becauſe confeſt
Even by themſelves, that down they'r at the beſt.

All that but looks like fair, great, good on Earth,
Takes from a Female its firſt riſe and birth.
Talk of high thoughts, who will Ambition prize,
Does any thing make Man like Woman riſe?
Can there be Love without her, or true Wealth?
She's his beſt Mine, beſt Doctor for his Health,
His all in all; in her embraces ſtands
That little World, the greater which commands.
She's ſuch a Mint as Coyns him Young agen,
And makes his Stamp paſs currant amongſt Men.

Talks

Talks she at random, as you here define?
'Tis but as wisest Men will do sometime;
To me those sweet Diversions fresh appear,
A running Banquet, after heavy chear.
Man helpless were without her help indeed;
The Worlds great Spirit would be lost, and Seed.
Then helpless let him be doth so require;
So help me God, as I such help desire.

Foolish NICETY.

I Hate a sullen Mistress, of such tumor,
Put in a Jest, it puts her out of Humor;
Fondly mistakes each passant word I say,
Takes pet, as Tinder fire, then fools away
Her self in Childish anger: if she speaks,
At best, when best she's pleas'd, poor thing it breaks
Into such woful phrase, doth so disburse
Odd ends of Gold and Silver in discourse,

That,

That, as I live, 'tis much againſt my will,
For her own credit, ſhe's not ſilent ſtill:
Better ſhut up in ſilence, tho ſhe go
For Proud, than open to her overthrow.
What's a fair Woman ſimply? Shall I tell ye?
A Box of Mummy, or of warmer Jelly;
Which for a taſte, or ſo, may currant paſs,
But not to make a meal on: Where's that Aſs
A piece of Snout-fair ignorance would marry?
Sooner I'd hew a Miſtreſs from the Quarry
Pigmalion once carv'd out; I'd ſooner go
On pilgrimage to *Meeba*, and there throw
My Eyes on burning Bricks, till all about
The Nerves and Sinews crackt, their Lamps leapt out;
Than fix on ſuch a Wife: take this from me,
There's nought ſo fulſome as a Fooliſh She.

On

The Victory over the *Spaniards* in the *Bay* of *Sancta Crux*, in the Island of *Teneriffe*.

NOw does *Spains* Fleet her ſpacious wings unfold,
Leaves the New World, and haſtens to the Old;
But tho the Wind were fair, they ſlowly ſwom,
Fraighted with active guilt, and guilt to come;
For this Rich load, of which ſo proud they are,
Was rais'd by Tyranny, and rais'd for War.
Ev'ry capacious Galleons Womb was fill'd
With what the Womb of wealthy Kingdoms yield:
The New Worlds wounded Intrails they had tore
For Wealth, wherewith to wound the Old one more.
Wealth, which all others Avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caus'd as much Fear as Joy.
For now upon the Main themſelves they ſaw,
That boundleſs Empire where we give the Law.

Of

Of Winds and Waters rage they fearful be,
But much more fearful th'Engliſh Flags to ſee.
Day, that to thoſe who ſail upon the Deep
More wiſht for, and more welcome is then Sleep,
They dreaded to behold, leſt the Sun's Light
With our dread Streamers ſhould ſalute their ſight.
In thickeſt Darkneſs they would chuſe to ſteer;
So that ſuch Darkneſs might ſuppreſs their fear.
At length theirs vaniſhes, and Fortune ſmiles,
For they behold the ſweet *Canary*-Iſles;
One of which doubtleſs is by Nature bleſt
Above both Worlds, ſince 'tis above the reſt.
For leſt ſome Gloomineſs might ſtain her Sky,
Trees there the Duty of the Clouds ſupply.
O Noble Truſt, which Heav'n on this Iſle pours,
Fertile to be, yet never need her ſhowrs!
A happy People, which at once do gain
The Benefits without the Ills of Rain!
Both Health and Profit Fate cannot deny,
Where ſtill the Earth is moiſt, the Air ſtill dry.

There

There jarring Elements no diſcord know,
Fewel and Rain together kindly grow;
And Coolneſs there with Heat does never fight,
This only Rules by Day, and that by Night.
There the indulgent Soyl the rich Grape breeds,
Which of the Gods the fancied Drink exceeds:
They ſtill do yield, ſuch is their precious mold,
All that is good, and are not curs'd with Gold,
With fatal Gold: for where e're it does grow,
Neither the Soyl nor People quiet know;
Which troubles men to raiſe it while 'tis Ore,
And when 'tis rais'd, it troubles them much more.
Ah! why was thither brought that cauſe of war
Kinde Nature had from thence remov'd ſo far?
In vain doth ſhe thoſe Iſlands free from ill,
If Fortune can make guilty what ſhe will.
'But whilſt I draw the Scene where we ere long
'Again may conquer, this is left unſung.
For *Sancta Crux*, the glad Fleet takes her way,
And ſafely there caſts Anchor in the Bay.

Never ſo many with one Joyful Cry,
That place ſaluted where they all muſt die.
Deluded men! Fate with you did but ſport;
You ſcapt the Sea, to periſh in the Port;
'Twas more for *England's* Fame you ſhould Die there,
Where you had moſt of Strength, and leaſt of Fear.

The Peek's proud height the *Spaniards* do admire,
Yet in their Breſts carry a Pride much higher:
Only to this vaſt Hill a pow'r is giv'n,
At once both to inhabit Earth and Heav'n;
But this ſtupendious proſpect did not near
Make them admire ſo much as they did fear.
For here they met with News which did produce
A Grief above the Cure of Grapes beſt Juyce;
They learn'd, with terror, that nor Summers heat,
Nor Winters ſtorms could make our Fleet retreat.
To fight againſt ſuch Foes was vain, they knew,
Which did the rage of Elements ſubdue;
Who on the Ocean, that does horror give
To all beſides, Triumphantly do live.

With

With haſte they therefore all their Gallions moar,
And flank with Cannon from the neighboring ſhore;
Forts, Lines, and Sconces, all the Bay along
They build, and act all that can make them ſtrong.
Fond men! who know not whilſt ſuch Works they raiſe,
They only Labour to exalt our Praiſe.
Yet they by reſtleſs Toyls became at length
So proud and confident of their made ſtrength,
That they with joy their boaſting General heard,
Wiſht then for that Aſſault they lately fear'd.
His wiſh he hath, for now undaunted *Blake*,
With winged ſpeed, for *Sancta Crux* does make;
For our Renown his Conquering Fleet does ride
O're Seas as vaſt as is the *Spaniards* Pride;
Whoſe Fleet and Trenches view'd, he ſoon did ſay,
We to their ſtrength are more oblig'd than they:
Were't not for that, they from their Fate would run,
And a third World ſeek out, our Arms to ſhun.
Thoſe Forts which there ſo high and ſtrong appear,
Do not ſo much ſuppreſs, as ſhew their Fear.

Of ſpeedy Victory let no man doubt;
Our worſt work's paſt, now we have found them out.
Behold, their Navie does at Anchor lie;
And they are ours, for now they cannot flie!
This ſaid, the whole Fleet gave it their applauſe,
And all aſſum'd his courage for the Cauſe;
That Bay they enter, which unto them owes
The nobleſt Wreathes that Victory beſtows.
Bold *Stayner* leads: this Fleet's deſign'd by Fate
To give him Lawrel, as the laſt did Plate.
The thundring Cannon now begins the Fight,
And, though it be at Noon, creates a Night;
The air was ſoon, after the Fight begun,
Far more inflam'd by it, than by the Sun.
Never ſo burning was that Climate known;
War turn'd the *Temperate*, to the *Torrid* Zone.
Fate had thoſe Fleets juſt between both worlds brought
Who fight as if for both thoſe worlds they fought.
Thouſands of ways, thouſands of men there die;
Some ſhips there ſunk, ſome blown up in the skie.

Nature

Nature ne'r made Cedars so high aspire
As Oaks did there, urg'd by the active fire,
Which by quick Powders force so high was sent,
That it return'd to its own element.
Torn limbs some Leagues into the Island flie,
Whilst others lower in the Sea do lie:
Scarce souls from bodies so far sever'd are
By death, as bodies there were by fierce War.
Th'all-seeing Sun ne'r gaz'd on such a sight;
Two dreadful Navies there at Anchor fight;
And neither have or power or will to flie;
There one must Conquer, or there both must die.
Far different motions yet engag'd them thus;
Necessity did them, but Choice did us:
A Choice which did the highest worth express,
And was attended by as high Success.
England's resistless *Genius* there did raign,
By which we Lawrels reapt even on the Main.
So prosperous Stars, though absent to the sense,
Bless those they shine for, by their influence.

Our Cannon now tears ev'ry Ship and Sconce,
And o're two Elements triumphs at once.
Their Gallions ſunk, their Wealth the Sea does fill,
The only place where it can cauſe no ill.

Ah! would thoſe Treaſures which both *Indies* have
Were buried in as large and deep a Grave!
Wars chief ſupport with them would buried be,
And the Land owe her Peace unto the Sea.

Ages to come our Conquering Arms will bleſs,
They there deſtroy'd what had deſtroy'd their Peace;
And in one War the preſent Age may boaſt,
The certain Seeds of many Wars are loſt.

All the Foes Ships deſtroy'd by Sea or Fire,
Victorious *Blake* does from the *Bay* retire;
His Siege of *Spain* he then again purſues,
And there firſt brings of his Succeſs the News.
(The ſaddeſt News which e're to *Spain* was brought,
Their rich Fleet ſunk, and ours with Laurel fraught.)
" Whilſt Fame in every place her Triumph blows,
" And tells the World how much to us it ows.

Upon

Upon the ſight of a Fair Ladies Breech, diſcovered at her being turned over in a Coach.

Tranſlated out of French.

I.

I Yield, I yield, fair *Phillis*, now
My Heart muſt to your Empire bow;
I am your Pris'ner, for I find
Y'ave Conquered both my Will and Reaſon;
But you ſurprized me behind,
And is not that a kind of Treaſon?

II.

Againſt your Eyes I plac'd a Guard,
And kept my Freedom, though 'twere hard
Withſtanding that moſt tempting Face;
When finding I again drew near,
You chang'd your Ambuſh, and did place
Your murthering *Cupids* in your Rear.

III.

At this firſt ſight my heart did yield;
For every glance did pierce my Shield:
The faireſt Face it did outbid.
Could I reſiſt my Fate, or Stars,
When this ſlye enemy lay hid
So cloſe, and took me unawares?

IV.

It ſeiz'd me both with love and fear,
Seeing ſo many beauties there;
And brought me, fond fool, to that paſs,
That, *Perſian*-like, I ſtraight did run,
Seeing your white Breech on the graſs,
To adore that new-riſing Sun.

V.

Phœbus was glad to veil his eyes,
Finding that greater luſtre riſe;
And thought to ſteal away ere night,
Thinking his beams were uſeleſs now:
Which he had done, but that the ſight
Staid him, in hopes to kiſs it too.

VI.

VI.

The Satyrs much enamour'd were,
Beholding all the Graces there;
And *Zephyrus* eſpying too
Some other Charms, ſo lik'd them, that
Deſpight of all *Flora* could do,
He often kiſs'd your You-know-what.

VII.

The Roſe, the Flowers lovely Queen,
Droopt, when your freſher skin was ſeen:
Lilies lookt pale, and ſhed a tear:
Narciſſus was brought to that paſs,
He left his ſelf-lov'd-Shade, and there
Gaz'd in your brighter Looking-glaſs.

VIII.

Nor is there ought on earth ſo fair,
No Face that's worthy its compare:
No Cheeks, no Lips, Eyes darting rays:
'Mongſt all thoſe Beauties, there's no grace
Nor Meen, but ſoon will looſe its praiſe,
When your Breech but appears i'th' place.

IX.

'Tis true, I fear 't has ſome defects
Will trouble me in theſe reſpects:
For it is very coy and ſhye,
Harder than the white Rock to break;
Nor hath it either Ear or Eye,
And's very rarely heard to ſpeak.

X.

But ſo I love it, that my Verſe
Shall to the World its praiſe rehearſe;
Whilſt dayly I will make reſort
To pay my homage to this Queen,
Who leaves behind her this report
Of th'ſweeteſt Beauty e're was ſeen.

XI.

O hide it then from all but me,
For were't unvail'd ſtill, Gods would be
My Rivals, and deſcend anew;
Who (though they ſit on Stars above)
They ſit on meaner Thrones than you;
For your Breech is the Throne of Love.

Upon

Upon the intolerable Heat in the latter end of *May* and the beginning of *June*, 1665.

I.

FIre, fire, fire, fire, the Bells all backward ring:
Haſte, haſte to every Well and Spring;
Let ev'ry Cock, and ev'ry Spout
With noiſe and fury ruſh like Winter-torrents out.
Pull from the Churches Walls the Buckets down;
Bring forth thoſe Engines that defend each Town;
Engines which now ſingly more uſeful are
Than all that *Archimedes* made for War.
Yet theſe cannot ſuffize, 'tis not one Town;
It is not *Newport* now alone
That's burnt, each City feels the ſame;
England's on fire, and all the Iſle does flame.
Riſe then kind Rivers from your low-ſunk Beds,
Lift up your curled Heads;

With

With raiſed waters quickly go,
And all the parched land in welcome haſte oreflow.
Let *Trent* and *Medway* meet,
The *Thames* and *Tweed* each other greet,
Severn and *Chane* their ſtreams conjoyn,
And crooked *Wye* mix with the Northern *Tyne*:
All this and more this Summers fire
Does for to quench its killing rage require.
All theſe too little be;
To quench us we muſt call the Sea;
And for this ſuccour we ſhall owe him more
Than all our traffick and defence before.
Return, you waves, and your old triumphs gain:
Behold, we wiſh a Deluge once again.

II.

In ſpight of what Philoſophers have prov'd,
We finde the Poles are mov'd:
Theſe *England* from its Northern climate turn,
Which now beneath the Line doth burn:

This

This needs muſt be, or elſe the Sun
His wonted conſtant Stages has outrun
In *May*, the *Lion* reacht the *Dog* in *June*,
Who madded with his heat too ſoon,
Does with great fury rage and bite,
And wreak on us below his more than uſual ſpight.
Is then the doated Sire of *Phaeton*
Become a Boy again, and like his ſon,
The Fiery Chariot does miſguide,
And where his horſes hurry him does ride,
Whilſt that his hands grown feeble now with age,
Can guide no more their headſtrong rage?
Or elſe has *Cupid*, thus to ſhew
That ſtill he has the better Bow,
Shot to his heart again ſome hot deſire,
With ſome new *Daphne* ſet his breſt on fire?
Whom that in Verſe he may intreat,
He kindles too his own Poetick heat.
And thus this triple fire inflames the weather,
Whilſt he is burnt, and burns the world together.

III.

III.

Alas, Love kindles a more gentle flame,
From him ſuch diſmal Fires ne're came:
No, this is rage, and *Phœbus* angry is,
When his face ſhines ſo bright as this;
We now at length the Poets meaning know,
Who tell us of his Arrows and his Bow.
His Rays are thoſe ſharp Darts he threw
When he the Monſter *Python* ſlew;
With them the *Grecian* Camp with death he fill'd,
And more than all the *Trojans* kill'd.
No Armor 'gainſt theſe Darts is proof,
Nor hardeſt Iron, nor tougheſt Buff:
Such is their ſtrange inchanted Power found,
They moſt of all the Armed wound.
But yet ſubmiſſion neither cannot ſhield
Thoſe that caſt down their Arms and yield;
Relentleſs ſtill the Sun his Rage does keep,
Though not our Eyes alone, but all our Body weep.

He

He is softned ne're the more,
Though a Tear fall from every Pore;
His Temples and his Altars lost,
Which had so much the Heathen cost;
His Horses and his Sacrifices gone,
He now revenges upon us alone.

All *England* one great Altar is,
Which shines and burns with sacred Fire of his:
Nor will ten thousand Herds alone suffice,
But all its People too are made one Sacrifice.

IV.

Apollo thus, who did at *Delphos* yield,
Again retakes the Field;
And our Religion, his victorious Foe,
Endeavors yet to overthrow:
So far alas he gets the day
By force of many a persecuting Ray,
That whosoe're to Church does come,
Endures a Martyrdome.

Each

Each Choriſt in the Quire
Sings Anthems like the Martyrs in the fire:
Each is his own and neighbours Funeral-pile,
On which all do themſelves and others broyl.
Did but their inward zeal, and outward heat,
Make but a Blaze ſo great,
The Churches Tapers might then ſhew their light,
Through their tranſparent Lanthorns bright:
For there are few whoſe bloud
Swells with a youthful floud;
Few at their hot devotions, or none,
Have ought but Linen on:
The Surplice is no more
A Veſt of Ceremony, as before.
Our neereſt Garments do for it make way,
And yeild it is more uſeful far than they.
The rigid Nonconformiſt who could bear,
Ev'n when his rage and zeal at hotteſt were,
An heavie, thick, unweildy Cloak,
Would all his former railings ſtraight revoke,

Felt

Felt he this heat here, nay forſake
His Cloak and Doublet, and the Surplice take.

V.

Moloch, that monſtrous Coloſs, all of braſs,
Who God at once and Altar was,
Who many a ſacrificed Hebrew child
Within his red-hot glowing arms hath kill'd,
Scarce heretofore did thoſe
With crueller embraces cloſe,
Than our Gowns us, who with the Sun conſpire
To ſet our kindled bodies all on fire:
Hither thoſe Drums, here let thoſe Trumpets ſound,
Which then the cries of tortur'd infants drown'd;
We ſtraight ſhall roar out full
As loud as he who firſt hanſel'd his burning Bull.
Nor is our noiſe alone as great,
But that which cauſes it, our heat:
Off therefore goes the Gown,
We caſt our Doublets down;

Our looſned Breeches fall,
And to our Shirts we ſoon are ſtripped all.
Nor ſhould our Cloathes, though they ſhould be
Far finer than the *French* trim Beggery;
Though deckt with all the Jewels of the Eaſt,
With all the Gold and Pearls o'th' Weſt:
Although they ſhone more richly gay
Than the *Mogul*'s, upon his own Birth-day;
The great *Mogul*'s, who at his ears
The price of *European* Kingdoms wears;
Whoſe Daggers hilt does in its Gems diſplay
An *Aſiatick* Armies pay.
Although more Jewels ſhould our Garments hide,
They ſhould not tempt our pride
To keep us dreſt one moment there
Where all mankinde ſpectators were;
If to the Sun as we our Jewels turn,
Whilſt that he makes them ſhine, he makes us burn.

VI.

Our Cloathes are off, yet every ſingle Shirt
Still burns as much, as much does hurt,
As that of *Hercules*, which heretofore
With *Hydra*'s poiſon ſtain'd, and *Neſſus* gore.
So both reveng'd, none but would chuſe
Ev'n all his bloud to loſe,
So that his wounds might be
But half ſo ſmarting to his enemy.
The eating threds his fleſh gat in,
His Shirt ſate cloſer than his Skin:
The ſpreading venome grew,
Through all his mighty limbs it in an inſtant flew.
Through every artery and vein
It bore an univerſal pain:
The Purple-rivers of his bloud
In vain the fire withſtood:
They boil themſelves, and feel the ſame;
Theſe ſtreams like thoſe of burnt *Scamander* flame.

His very bones *Alcides* kindled felt;
He felt his marrow melt,
And therefore built his Funeral-pyre,
And ſoon to cool himſelf leapt in the gentler fire.
With ſuch a furious heat
Our Shirts too make us ſweat;
Which though no venome ſtain,
Than *Hydra*'s fertile ſtings they cauſe a greater pain.
Off therefore ſoon they go;
Down our laſt torments ſo
With them we think to grow:
But yet the ſtubborn heat does ſtill perplex,
Still our tir'd patience vex;
Some ſecret unſeen cover
Doth preſs and ſcald all over:
Something would yet be needs put off, and we
Than nakedneſs it ſelf would fain more naked be.

VII.

But ſee! cool *Charwel* ſoftly by does glide;
There our bare skins we gladly hide:

Could

Could but thoſe Artiſts, who with skilful Preſs,
On Water'd Tabbie waves expreſs;
Could they ſome Stuff of real water make,
Their former trade they'd ſoon forſake;
No other garments would be ſought,
No other Stuff be bought:
Our native finer Cloath we ſhould not prize,
And, though deep dy'd in grain with Cocheneal, deſpiſe.
The Silks that haughty *Naples* brags,
Would be accounted rags;
Brocadoes, and rich Cloth of Gold,
No more to us by *Genoa* ſhould be ſold:
Chineſe and *Indian* Manufactures here
None then would wear,
Nor any elſe beſide,
That Merchants profit ſerve, or Courtiers pride.
For thoſe no Ship ſhould croſs the Seas,
When the next ſhore with better ſtuff would pleaſe.
But ſince no Virtuoſo's daring Wit
Hath ventur'd yet hot limbs to fit

With cooling Summer-ſuits of water made,
We cannot wait th'inventing of the Trade.
Art tedious is, and ſlow;
To Natures ready gifts we go;
Into th'inviting ſtream our ſelves in haſte we throw.

VIII.

O what a raviſhing coolneſs now does glide
Into our veins from every ſide!
A gentle, freſh, reviving cold
Does all embold:
The wanton waves about us ſport,
And as we them, they us do court;
That ore our ſhoulders leaps, and this
Steals from our lips a ſudden kiſs:
And then as fearing to be ſpi'd,
As nimbly back does glide.
We ſwim, and ſtretch our arms out wide, to have
A full embrace of each beloved wave.
Nor does to kiſs or to embrace ſuffice
Our wide voluptuous avarice;

Our

Our heads and all go down;
Our ſelves all ore we in our pleaſures drown.
Nor do we care
For the delay of neceſſary air:
Who would not change a moments breath
For th'extaſies of this ſhort pleaſing death?
The waves of *Styx* ne'r led
The pious dead
To an *Elizium* that could pleaſe
So much as now the breathleſs divers theſe.
All pleaſures and all riches that are known,
Their liquid coolneſs comprehends alone.
So much that he that would recount
How far earths wealth the waters doth ſurmount,
Need not ſpeak ought of rich *Pactolus* Strand,
Nor *Tagus* golden ſand;
Nor how the Eaſtern Pilgrims yearly go
Their Coyn in *Ganges* ſacred ſtream to throw.
He need not tell how in the Ocean lies
The wealth of diſappointed Treaſuries:

The golden Wrecks which ev'ry year
Storms and tempests drowned there;
The Spanish Fleets on purpose cast away,
Lest they become the conquering *English* prey:
These riches which from spoyl'd earth came,
He need not name,
Nor yet what are more precious far than these,
The native Pearls and Coral of the Seas:
More than all this may in one word be told;
Who doubts the waters price, who now but hears 'tis (cold?

IX.

Lovers do now no more
Those sparkling eyes by which they're burnt adore:
Their being like the Sun,
Now hatred draws, which former praises won.
The Water-nymphs alone now please,
And *Venus* onely raigns within her native Seas.
All *Peleus* happie fortune praise,
Which him to *Thetis* happie bed did raise.

To

To *Thetis* bed, that fair Sea-nymph, whose love
Was thought too great a happiness for *Jove*;
Were she now present here,
None to embrace her close would fear,
Although, transform'd again, she should appear
A Lion, Tyger, Leopard, Bear,
Or any Monster else like these,
Which Saylors fright upon her imitating Seas;
So that at last her self again
A Water-nymph she would remain.
The Ladies too, as much as they desire
A vigorous youth, all heat, all fire,
Yet now perhaps would scarce approve
For a Gallant the mighty *Jove*,
If such as when to *Semele* he came,
Clad in lightning and in flame,
His love so fiercely burn'd,
That its own object it to ashes turn'd,
Her flames ascended to the skie,
Whither her too ambitious love did flie.

A cooler Wooer now they love,
And *Neptune* ſpight of Fate prefer to *Jove*.
Juno may ceaſe her uſual ſpight,
None may be jealous now but *Amphitrite*.
Or if *Jove* chance to be
In love with ſome new *Danaë*,
He muſt now orecome her Tower
Not with a golden, but a watry ſhower.

X.

What then ſhall we to bounteous *Charwel* give
For all the pleaſures we receive?
Shall we a Graſſie Altar build
In the next fruitful field?
There ſacrifice a ready Ox or Cow
Which neither Yoke nor Milk-pail know;
A Goat, a Kid, a Ram,
Or many a tender Lamb;
And with their Conſecrated bloud
Augment his ſinking floud?

Shall

Shall we his Curled head,
Which now with Reeds is onely covered,
With all the flowry Garlands crown,
Which the great Garden of the Town
The Market ſhews, or Gardens yield
The Markets of the field?
Into his waters ſhall we pour forth wine,
The richeſt Juyce of the *Canary*-Vine;
And for the coolneſs of our kinde retreat,
Repay as kinde an heat?
No, none of theſe he loves;
Theſe ancient honours all he diſapproves.
He who ſo long ran on the *Britiſh* ſand,
So many hundred years a Chriſtian Land,
Whoſe waters unto Fonts convey'd,
So many Chriſtians have made;
In his own waves ſo far baptized is,
As to think it much amiſs
That we our ſelves again ſhould make
Idolaters and Pagans for his ſake.

Nay,

Nay, though himſelf were Heathen ſtill,
He would not ſuffer we ſhould kill
Thoſe beaſts for him for whom he has
So long provided Hay and Graſs:
To more ignoble Man he leaveth that,
Who thoſe he does intend for to devour makes fat.

XI.

The Flowers his fertile waters bred,
Through the earths ſubtil chanel ſpread,
Since to himſelf ſo neer alli'd,
For his ſake to be cut he counts it Parricide.
As he the Drunkards Garden will not uſe,
So he his Wine too doth refuſe:
His Fiſhes lives he loves to ſpare,
Who but too oft intoxicated are;
Who in ſuch numbers die,
Their greedieſt Hoſt to ſatisfie,
And by their drunkenneſs his gluttony ſupply.
Since then he'll none of theſe receive,
Good wiſhes we can onely give.

May

May therefore this exceſſive heat,
His enemy and ours, retreat:
May he not any where for dread
Of the hot Sun hide underneath his head,
Nor yet again let Winter-flouds confuſe
His courſe, whilſt in himſelf, himſelf he ſwoln may (loſe:
But let a plenty clear and ſtill,
Brim-high his undiſturbed Chanel fill:
May none with Dams reſtrain his force,
Nor interrupt his courſe;
May none his Mother-ſtream divide,
Nor into petty Dykes his waters turn aſide:
May not his liquid ſtate
So periſh by unhappie Empires fate:
May no foul Sinks his clearneſs ſpoil,
No Common-ſhore his ſtream defile:
But let him chaſte and clear enter fair *Iſis* bed,
And Virgin-*Thames* himſelf a Virgin wed.

XII.

XII.

May their innumerable Progenie
The Fishy *Trent* outvie;
Repleniſhed with theſe,
Let 'em creep ſoftly to the Seas,
Thorow rank Graſs, full Corn, and lofty Trees,
By wealthy Farms, and ſtately Palaces:
But ſtill be ſure that by the way
They both their homage pay,
Their daily tribute bring
To their whole elements great univerſal King,
In whoſe large Throne
We *Jove* and *Neptune* ſee conjoyn'd in one;
Tridents in one, Scepters in th'other hand,
Sway both the Sea and Land;
The Kingdoms Pilot, he the Navies King,
Both to a happie Port do bring:
Both with ſo skilful hands do ſteer,
Not hidden Rocks, nor open Streams they fear.

From

From his great Palace they may then go down,
And view that Ocean of a Town,
That Sea of wealth which does enfold
All the rich Rivers gold:
This they may coaſt too, ſince they know
She all to them does owe:
But yet deſcending with the Tyde,
They finde a cauſe of greater pride.

XIII.

Theſe wiſhes we to *Charwel* owe
For the ſweet Cold that in his waves do flow.
But yet our pleaſures grow more great,
In that we round us ſtill perceive the vanquiſht heat:
Thence freſh delights ariſe,
That whilſt ſo neer us it doth tyrannize,
His force we laugh at and deſpiſe:
Still we midſt flaming ſwords enjoy our paradiſe.
Although a Furnace round us glow,
We ſtill are cool, like *Ætna*'s conſtant Snow;

That

That valiant Snow which does defeat
The neighb'ring power of all that Magazine of heat.
Whilſt not a Cloud does flatter in the skie,
Wells, Pools, and many Brooks be dry,
We to our lips ſtand up,
Like happie Sun-dew in our well-fill'd Cup,
That Jovial plant whoſe fate now all things wiſh,
Which ev'n at general draughts but laughs,
Whilſt in her brim-full nat'ral diſh
The unexhauſted *Roſa Solis* quaffs.
This *Charwel* ſtill whilſt deep, though ſaln, he flows,
On us alone beſtows.
The parched earth he ſuccour can't:
His neareſt Meadows do his preſence want;
Their wide deep cracks do gape in vain
For flouds and for delaying rain:
The earth does with a thouſand mouthes complain,
And heav'n of foul ingratitude accuſe,
That can quick aid refuſe;
Who though ſhe had receiv'd from her below

Her

Her Rains exhal'd, her Hail, her Snow,
Doth yet behold her Benefactress burn,
And not one single shower, one single drop return.

XIV.

Now that the Earth their Nurses breasts are dry,
The infant-Plants grow sick and die;
Not one of all their mouthes, one luckie root
Cannot suck one poor drop into't.
Thus choakt and banisht, in one place they have
A Cradle and a Grave:
The rest do droop, and for the dead
Each seems to mourn, and hang his pensive head;
But none one dewie tear can shed;
That mournful rain,
Were't not to them as to sad men in vain,
Those tears would keep them all alive,
And ev'n the dead they weep for too revive.
But now their thirsty grief
Cannot that way procure its own relief;

Amaz'd they know not why,
For what grand crime they thus ſhould die.
What cauſleſs rage
Could thus engage
That civil God *Apollo*
His ſavage Grandſire *Saturn*'s crime to follow;
Who to ſecure his power,
All his own off-ſpring did devour?
Like Cruelty what makes *Apollo* uſe,
His power to loſe;
Whilſt thoſe ſame Plants for whoſe wiſe uſe old Fame
Did him the God of Phyſick name;
Thoſe Plants with which loſt health he did reſtore,
And from the jaws of death preys half devoured tore,
He makes declining from their vigour lie,
Themſelves on their ſick beds, and of one Fever die?

XV.

Hence juſtly all the children of the Spring
The Sun their Tyrant count, and not their King.

The

The proudeſt Flow'rs now hate the very light
That ſhews their beauties to our ſight:
The amorous Marigold that turns
To her dear Sun, lie now not warms, but burns,
Weary of his importunate ray,
Would ſpight of Love and Nature turn away.
Thoſe tender fruits that hardly bear
The ſharpneſs of our Northern air,
Whom the Sun yet could ne'r make ripe with all
His force, unleſs aſſiſted by a wall;
On the moſt ſhady bough,
Not ripe alone, but roaſted now.
Thoſe courteous Ladies whoſe kinde hands reprieve
The periſhing fruits, and give
By their obliging art a longer date
To their ſhort fate,
And ſo the Winter make and Spring
The Summers and the Autumns pleaſures bring,
Need now no more whilſt they deſire
Their fruit to keep, by the ſame fire

Their beauties loſe, nor to raiſe enmities
Betwixt our pleaſed taſtes, and our defrauded eyes,
Their Sweet-meats with due colours now to grace,
They need not ſpoil a better in their face:
Some ſugred water let their Gardners throw
On the ſcorcht trees, and ſo
The Fruits will turn to Sweet-meats as they grow:
The heat which all before did ſpoil,
Will them in that new Liquor boil.
So Cherries, Grapes, or Goosberries,
Plums, Apricocks, or any fruits they pleaſe,
Preſerved they may gather from the trees.

XVI.

This ſcorched heat in Gardens raigns,
In ſpight of all the Gardners care and pains,
And all his Watring-pots poor counterfeited rains.
A fiercer fire burns up th' unwatred field,
Which had been better left until'd.
The piercing Sun-beams aged trunks invade,
Through all the numerous leaves that hide them in their ſhade.

The

The Oak that grows on the moſt ſhady vale,
Would with her kindred in the Navie ſail;
And leſs would fear
Dutch Fire-ſhips there,
Than the Suns rays more formidable here:
There ready water would her flames ſurround,
But here ſhe burns upon the burning ground.
For fear of this, all without winde may ſhake,
And trembling Aſps excuſed quake:
Many already ſhew their griefs and fears
In copious gummy tears;
And well they may,
Since though ſtill green, and Lightning-proof, the Bay
Is almoſt ſcorcht by her own *Phœbus* ray.

XVII.

But theſe effects of the Suns ſpight
Are all but light:
Worſe torments his malignant influence
Inflicts on them to whom unhappie ſenſe
Cruelly-bountcous Nature did diſpenſe:

Their seeling like a Burning-glass,
Doubles the fiery rays, as through their skins they pass.
Hence from each ecchoing Rock there does rebound
Tormented Cattels mournful sound:
The fairest and most healthful Cow
Would gladly live like that of *Myron*, now;
Since all our Herds of fire are quite as full
As the flame-belching *Cretan* Bull;
The Suns meer rays the beasts more smartly sting
Than all the Gad-flyes which they bring.
The scorched Race-horse now would fain out-run
The fiery Coursers of the Sun:
Though consecrated once unto that God,
He so much fears his flaming Whip and Rod,
He'd rather through the *Russian* Snow
With heavie Sled long Winter-journeys go,
Than made immortal in the heaven-highway,
Draw the illustrious Chariot of the day.

XVIII.

XVIII.

The Winter-thriving Rabbets curſe
Their once-more-friendly Furs:
Though no Guns lightning reach their fearful eye,
From the Suns fire away they flie;
In their deep holes, to ſave their lives, they buried lie:
Their barren Warrens may unheeded burn,
To ſee their loſs they'll not return;
The ſweeteſt ſhorteſt graſs, their chief delight,
From their cool holes would now not one invite,
Although ſecured from the ravenous Kyte.
The Kyte, that with the Sun did uſe to play,
And meet his rays half way,
Flies to the ſhade, and fears her ſelf to be his prey.
The ſharpeſt-ſighted Eagle dare no more
Upon his luſtre pore;
No more her young one that way doth ſhe try;
She from his heat her ſelf doth flie;
Her body cannot bear't, much leſs her tender eye.

With gaudieſt colours Birds aray'd,
Do hide their bravery in the ſhade:
Others in vain ſome refuge ſeek to finde,
By courting, Stanniel-like, the winde:
No ſuccour thence is to be got;
The winde it ſelf blows hot:
None but the Water-fowl for happie go,
Who hide themſelves where ſhady rivers flow:
The Swans, the Geeſe, the Ducks, the Drakes,
And others who frequent ponds, rivers, lakes;
Theſe live what all their fellows wiſh,
The life of bleſſed Fiſh:
Theſe can defie the heat, whilſt all the reſt
Die Phœnix-like, each burnt in his own neſt.

XIX.

But all thoſe pains which ſingly do infeſt
That Plant, this Bird or Beaſt,
On more unhappie man concentred light,
On him they wreak their utmoſt ſpight:

The

The worlds epitome can ſhew
All the ſharp griefs the greater world doth know :
Nay, all its ills to him are worſe ;
Their union does augment their force.
The ſweating Country-ſwain
Feels not alone his proper pain ;
The numerous miſchiefs that ſurround
His Farm, do all on him rebound :
There his parcht Corn, here growing Hay appears,
And theſe in vain he waters with his tears ;
Here a ſick Ox, or dying Cow,
Does lamentably low ;
And from his breſt their piteous moan
Re-ecchoes in a ſadder groan ;
The many acres of his barren field
Of grief alone a plenteous harveſt yield.
But leſt that burnt ground make corn ſcant,
And bread the greedy multitude ſhould want,
A Plague is rais'd by the ſame power,
The numerous eaters to devour.

Nor

Nor doth Death now his prey
With ſingle darts, as heretofore, deſtroy.
The Sythes that ruſty to the walls were laid,
By the dire heat to th' Country uſeleſs made,
Death to the City hath conveyd;
Theſe round him with quick hands he throws;
Whole houſes down at once, whole ſtreets alone he mows.

XX.

But all theſe Sythes for Death do prove too few;
Nor will he ſtay for new:
Each wounded prey
His weapon is ten more to ſlay.
'Tis not alone at Sea, where our brave Fleet
Does with the Dutch-men meet,
That flaming Fire-ſhips to the Combat flie,
And, burnt themſelves, conſume the Enemy:
Here too at Land whoere expires,
Doth kindle others with his Funeral-fires.
New Civil wars again
In *England* raign:

Strange

Strange Civil wars, where ſtill
The Victors die, and Vanquiſht kill!
Now at noon-day none dares to walk that Town,
Whoſe midnight-ſafety gains her ſuch renown.
A murderer men fear to meet
In the moſt large frequented ſtreet.
In vain each houſe ſhut up a Jayl is made,
In which the numerous Homicides are laid:
For there pent up, their killing breath
Brings to each other ſurer death.
Theſe priſons too, to ſome,
The cauſe of further crimes become.
The father haſtning to the grave,
Bereaves his children of that life he gave:
His deathbed-bleſſings curſes are,
With which he kills his Heir.
Thus doth this more-than-Tyrant heat,
To make their miſeries compleat,
With ſimple Tortures not content,
Adde guilt, and make each pain a puniſhment.

Thoſe

Thoſe who firſt innocently ſick did lie,
As Criminals do juſtly die:
Yet ev'n the Cities unaſſiſted heat
To th' uninfected ſeems ſo great,
That they, though pain'd with torments and with faults,
Envie the very dead their cool and ſhady vaults.

XXI.

All theſe dire pains with which the Summers ſpight
Plagues others, heighten our delight;
Whilſt round about us everywhere
They to our fancies or our eyes appear,
Our ſingular cool pleaſures they endear,
But ah how ſhort a date
Is on great joys beſtow'd by Fate!
Already does the diſmal Bell
Seem to ring our common Knell;
For 'tis to death it bids us come,
Whilſt that it calls us home:
Nay, ours is worſe ev'n than thoſe ſinners death
Who midſt their crimes reſigne their breath.

They

They onely from ſmall pains to greater fell,
But we from heaven paſs to hell;
Such we account that air which yet
Burns, though the flaming Sun be ſet:
All enter 't with unwilling feet;
Each takes his Shirt as 'twere his Winding-ſheet;
Home with delaying haſte we go;
Our cloathes half on, looſly about us flow:
Yet though prepared ſo for bed,
On reſtleſs Pillows none dare lay his head:
All are ſick-beds, not Down it ſelf can pleaſe;
The heat makes ev'n its ſoftneſs a diſeaſe.
In vain we call on Sleep:
His *Lethe* which ſo ſilent by did creep,
Onely becauſe it was ſo deep,
Is to the bottom dry, nor can it keep
One precious drop wherein our eyes to ſteep;
This makes us, though we grudged not their gold,
For which reſt onely is not ſold,
To envie the *Ormuſians* wit,
Who have by it Learnt

Learnt from the Sun, their mortal enemy,
This useful policie,
In water every night to lie;
Ah that I so might sleep, not on
Parnassus, but in *Helicon!*
This onely my *Pindaricks* do desire,
Not for to save my house, but my own self from fire.
Pindar's bright Poetick flame
Surviv'd his ashes, blown by Fame;
And ev'n his *Thebes* orecomers overcame:
It made them spare his house alone;
When all the Cities flam'd, that onely brighter shone.
But I, alas, who breathless strive in vain
To reach his noble strain,
When from this heat my safety I desire,
Too much from feeble Lines require,
Which justly fear themselves to perish in the fire.

CORBET OWEN.

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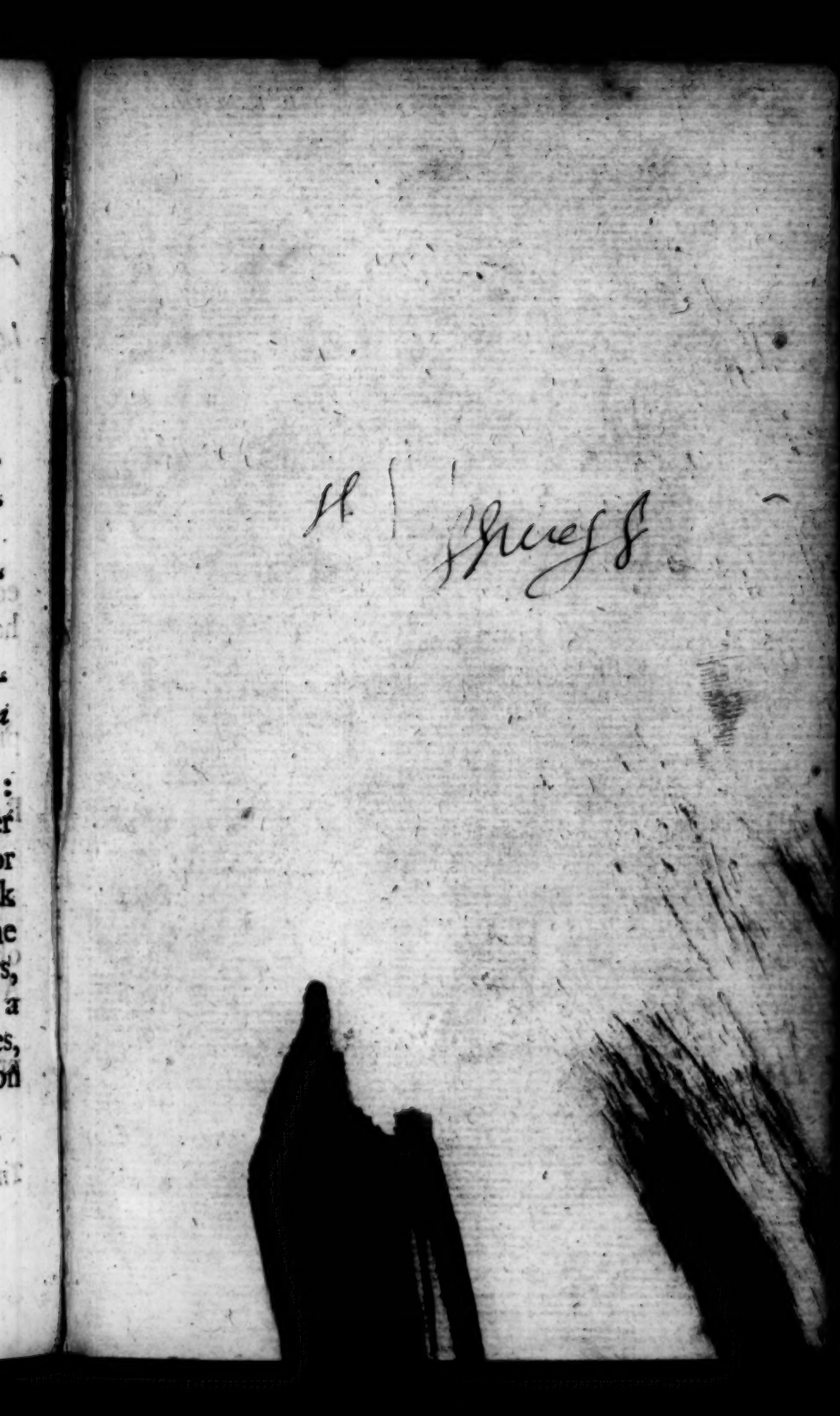
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